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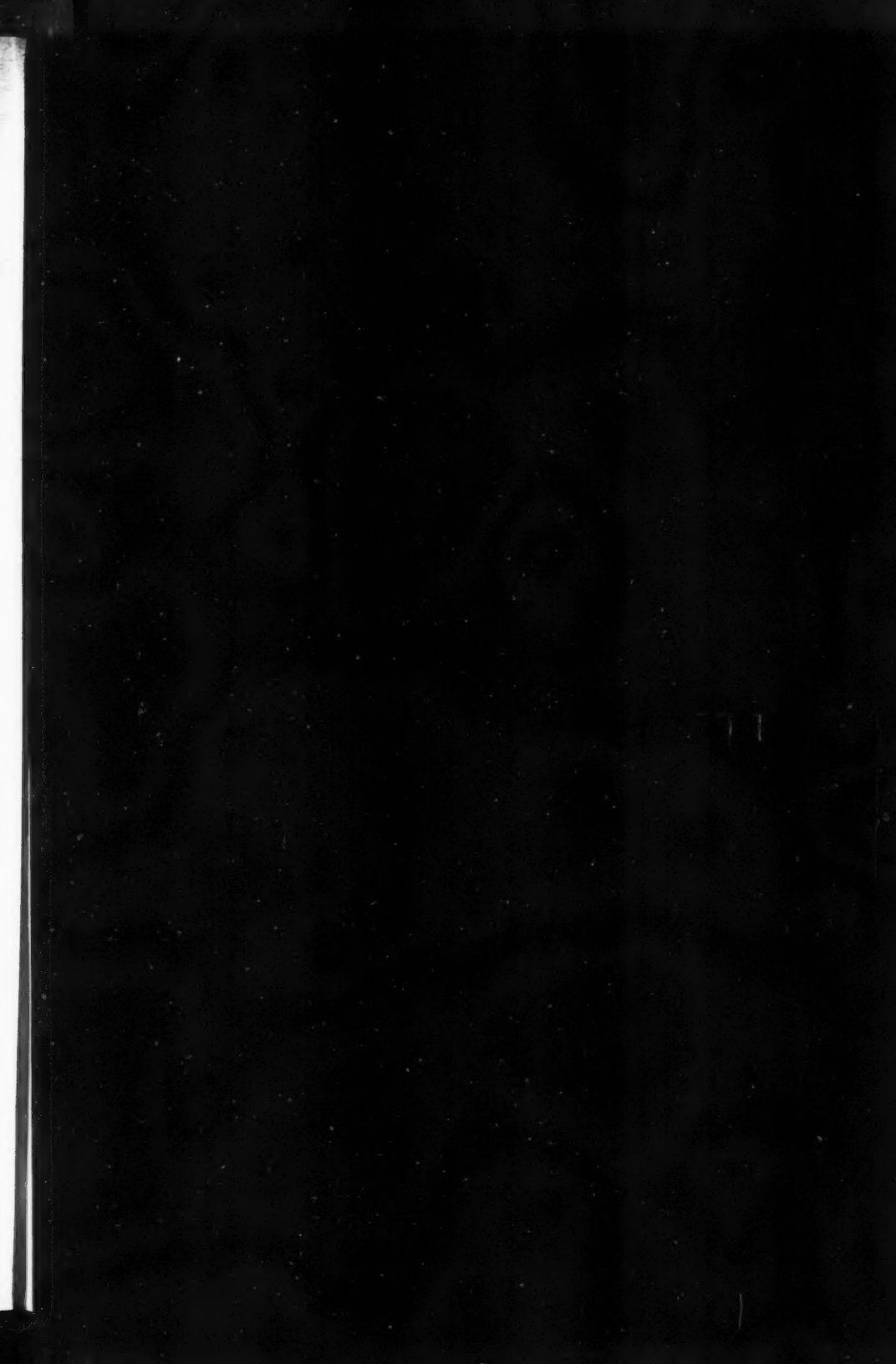
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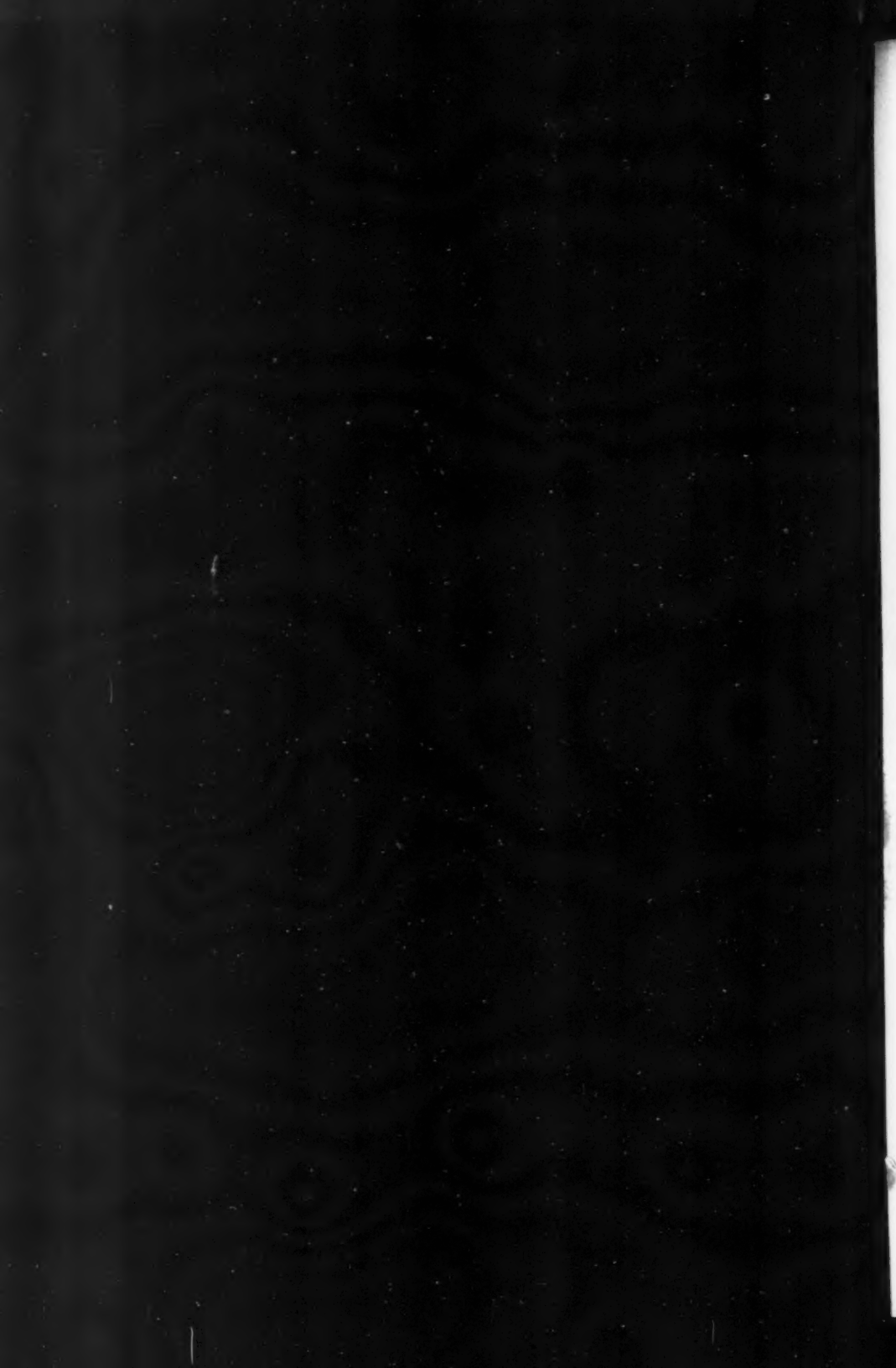
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume X. }

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCIX.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

SILENCE OWEN.

DIED 1805.

A portrait old. The artist sought to
render

A face half shy, half arch, and wholly
tender.

Dark hair, dark eyes, a figure slight and
slender—

My grand-aunt *Silence!*

That was her "favorite walk" that winds
down there,

And, when the low wind makes the
branches stir,

I sometimes dream I catch a glimpse of
her,

A phantom *Silence!*

She never thought herself misunderstood,
Or prated of the wrongs of womanhood,
And yet, I think, the quiet life did good;
Sweet grand-aunt *Silence!*

The Sabbath teaching was her "constant
care."

To see her list'ning with so grave an air,
A saint might smile; a sinner breathe a
prayer.

My tender *Silence.*

In all her simple ways she strove to
please:

Hers were the flowers that perfumed all
the breeze,

The golden honey from the hive of bees.

My busy *Silence.*

And she had some few pleasures simpler
yet;

With skilful hand she touch'd the old
spinnet,

Or danc'd at Christmastide a minuet,

My merry *Silence.*

Of powdered beaux she had, mayhap, a
score,

And with their foolishness she sweetly
bore—

But one there was who "charmed her
more and more!"

My happy *Silence!*

An old-time sailor. And she "heard with
pride,

Tales of his courage, which is true and
tried."

They spent some "happy days," too, "side
by side!"

Dear grand-aunt *Silence.*

She "missed him vastly" when he sail'd
away,

Yet tried to "smile as brightly, day by
day,

Although, Dear Heart, my Life seems
Dull and Grey."

My brave, true *Silence!*

And then we read, "He bravely met the
foe!"

Some tears still blot those words of long
ago,

Those days were very full of grief and
woe,

My loving *Silence!*

What need is there her further life to tell?
All were not struck who died by shot and
shell;

Some hearts grew still because they loved
so well,

Like sweet, shy *Silence.*

Temple Bar.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Earth, like a princess charmed asleep

By wizard spells in years of old,

In winter's cavern lies a-cold,

And round her still the snows shall sweep

And roaring winds their watches keep.

Till dawns the joyous hour foretold,

And fairy spring with wand of gold

Exulting from the skies doth leap.

Then, like a prince of gay romance,

Hot-footed on his sweet emprise,

The happy poet shall advance

To where the dream-bound beauty lies,

And woo with his enraptured glance

The wonder of her waking eyes.

Speaker. ARTHUR AUSTIN-JACKSON.

May-bloom foameth pink and white,

Apple-bloom hath purple light,

Butterflies have fairy flight,

Leaves dally in their young delight.

Golden-cups with burnished boat

On billowy verdure lightly float

In labyrinths under, dim, remote.

Daisy and speedwell blend their fine

Trebles in the joy divine,

While yellow-dotted bees hum over

Honeyed purple of the clover.

Soft fertile gold fills every flower,

Birds warble and pair in every bower;

We yield to life's abounding power—

Now or never. Love's full hour.

RODEN NOEL.

From The Contemporary Review.
JEAN BAPTISTE AND HIS LANGUAGE.

When the French-Canadian came to lodge on British premises, we flattered ourselves he would soon become one of the family. We have been disappointed.

The truth is, Jean Baptiste never did come to lodge in our house; that is just our British way of putting it. We annexed his shanty to our mansion, that was all. But surely that was enough to make a John Bull of him?

No; Jean Baptiste is Jean Baptiste still. The storms of progress have beat upon his hut for one hundred and thirty years, and the air within is what it was a century ago. The force of our example, the sense of our superiority, the winsomeness of manner by which John Bull commonly insinuates himself into the affection of other subject races, have all been lost on the French-Canadian. He is more Catholic than the pope, more French than President Faure. The red, white, and blue, which cross each other on the flag above his roof, re-arrange themselves in three broad stripes around his heart. When the bells of Protestantism are calling him to church, he is going home to dinner from mass. While the commerce of the world is shouting round him in English, he chatters his little bargains in his mother tongue, and sings the *chansons* of his grandfather.

It is the language of Jean Baptiste more than his religion, more even than his blood, that keeps him what he is—the most interesting because the most resisting of all the human creatures we are trying to turn into Englishmen.

In case what I have said should seem too flatly contradicted by what I am going to say, let me remark that the foregoing assertions are as true in general as the following are in particular. From our impatient point of view Jean Baptiste appears to stand like a rock against the rising tide of Anglification. To his anxious parents and guardians he seems to yield. "On!" cry we. "Back!" cry they. And neither we nor they think he is doing as we tell him. "*Le cléricisme c'est l'ennemi,*"

say the Gambettas in France. No, say Tardivel and his fellow-crusaders in New France, "*l'anglicisme, voilà l'ennemi!*"

On Midsummer day, which being the festival of St. Jean Baptiste is the great national holiday of the two million Frenchmen in America, the commonest inscription flaunted through the streets of Quebec and Montreal is this: "*Notre Langue, nos Loix et notre Religion.*" These are the three chief materials of that Chinese-wall which has shut the nineteenth century out of Lower Canada. Whether the twentieth century is to have any better luck will depend largely on the extent to which the mortar is picked out. Religion may be the stone of which the wall is built, and law the broken glass on top, but language is the cement that holds all together. It is easy to understand, therefore, how "*l'anglicisme est l'ennemi,*" from the point of view of a French-Canadian nationalist; and all French-Canadians are nationalists.

From the dust-heap of unfulfilled prophecy I picked this specimen the other day: "Canada once taken by the English—a few years will be enough to make it English." The words were addressed to the French government in 1759 by General Montcalm, who, in his camp at Quebec, was facing a probability that he could not hold Canada for Louis much longer. The English, he was kind enough to say, might wish to adapt their system of government to the varying circumstances of the countries to be governed, but the thing was impossible "because of their defective system of constitutions." "If England," the French general declared, "after conquering Canada, knew how to attach the country to herself by policy and advantages, if she did not interfere with its religion, its laws, its language, its customs, its old government, then Canada, separated by all these from the other colonies, would always be an isolated country. But that is not the policy of Britain. If the English make a conquest they must needs change the constitution of the country. They bring

in their own laws, their own ways of thinking, their very religion, which they compel the people to adopt under penalty at least of losing their citizenship. In a word, if you are conquered by Englishmen you have to become English yourselves."

The brave but despondent soldier went on to draw a melancholy picture of those Anglicized Canadians in his prophetic eye—Anglicized, turned into politicians and merchants, infatuated with that pretence of liberty "which, among the people of England, often includes license and anarchy. Farewell; then, to their sterling worth, their simplicity, their generosity, their respect for authority, their thrift, their obedience, and their faith!" "I am so certain of what I say," the general concluded, "that I will not give ten years after the conquest of Canada before it is all accomplished."

Three weeks after that letter was written, and before it could be received in Paris, its writer lay dead on the heights of Abraham, and with him had fallen the sovereignty of France in America. The ten years that he allowed for the process of Anglicization have been multiplied by thirteen, and the process has hardly begun. From the pan-Anglican point of view (if ecclesiastics will allow me to borrow the word) this fact almost justifies Montcalm's contempt for our "defective system of constitutions." But we have succeeded, at the cost of leaving Quebec a French and therefore "an isolated country," in attaching it to ourselves by a bond which has stood a good deal of straining. Jean Baptiste was allowed to keep his own laws, to a very large extent; his religion, in a curious half-established condition which it may be worth John Bull's while to look at some day; and his language, to his heart's content.

Now and then, in early days, pan-Anglicanism in Canada was patronized by the British government. On my table lies a long and eloquent protest, written seventy years ago, against a judge's ruling that English should be the only language used in the Canadian

courts. The writer, Auguste Morin, lived to sit beside that judge, Mr. Justice Bowen, and to hear and decide cases in his native language without protest from any one. When responsible government was granted in 1840 the Imperial Parliament not only harnessed French Quebec in legislative union with English Ontario, but decreed that English was to be the only official language. This clause of the new constitution was a dead letter from the beginning, and eight years later it was withdrawn at the unanimous request of the French and English legislators of Canada. The official status of French was confirmed in 1867 by the federal constitution which now governs almost all British North America, and in the Province of Quebec the official position of the French language is distinctly stronger than that of English. M. Morin drew a pathetic picture of the poor French widow unable to get justice because she might not address the judge in the only language she could speak, and suggested that lawyers could not be trusted to do their best when pleading in a tongue unknown to their clients. Now that any man has a right to sue in his own language, Englishmen complain that they have to accept service of writs in French whether they understand it or not; and many an Englishman has become more impressed by the advantage of employing a French lawyer to plead before French judges and French juries than by the disadvantage hinted at by M. Morin. In many departments of the public service, too, there are far more French officials than the proportions of the two races in population would justify. The freeborn Englishman who has occasion to be arrested would naturally like it best done by an English policeman; and he declares the humiliation to be needlessly deepened by the pigeon-English or the "V'nez done" with which his lingering steps are guided by Connétable Jean Baptiste. There is no denying that a French-Canadian alderman or secretary of state would rather give an appointment to a man of his own race than to

one of ours—especially as we acted on the same principle while we had the power. Unfortunately we have furnished them with a very convenient excuse, in the fact that for every English-Canadian who can speak French there are ten French-Canadians who can speak English. A knowledge of the two languages is essential in most public offices, and in many private positions as well. Even the English merchants of Montreal often have to pocket their prejudice and employ a French instead of an English salesman, simply because the one knows both languages, while the other only speaks that of a quarter of the citizens.

This very fact, however—the increasing knowledge of English among the French-Canadians—while it is an enormous advantage to them in a worldly sense, gives much anxiety to their pastors and the other watchdogs of nationalism. It is true, when Jean Baptiste goes home at night he leaves all his English at the office or warehouse—or nearly all of it. His wife can speak her mother-tongue and no other. His children go to exclusively French schools. Very few French-Canadians, high or low, have the least social intercourse with their English fellow-subjects; and of these few a very small percentage speak English among themselves. They have their own literature—all the literature of France, except what the priests forbid, and the works of a small but able band of native writers. Finally, they have numberless newspapers—generally a little deficient in “news,” but rich in other kinds of fiction, devoting long columns of large type to prove that “l’anglicisme est l’ennemi.” All this is true, and yet—and yet the thin end of the Anglicizing wedge has entered and the thick end is following.

Sometimes consciously, but often without the least idea of offence against Littré, Jean Baptiste has added a multitude of English words to his vocabulary. Other words, which occur with variations of meaning in the two languages, he uses in the English sense; and often when his words are purely

French his idiom is purely English. The watchful Tardivels may well be grieved.

When little Jean Baptiste goes to school his downward course begins. Like little John Bull he undergoes “les terribles avanies dont la *covenry* est la moindre punition,” though little John Bull has a different opinion on the latter point. He plays a match—and *match* he calls it, too. The other day I came across a still more curious act of involuntary homage paid to John Bull as Master of Sport. M. Philippe de Gaspé, whose “*Mémoires*” and “*Les Anciens Canadiens*” form the best introduction to the study of French-Canadian life, tells us not only that the heroes of his school-days learnt to “*faire la boxe*” from the English, but that a favorite French game of marbles called “*la Snoque*” was really an English invention known originally as the *last knock!*

When Jean Baptiste goes on his travels he takes a *ticket*, with a *check* for his baggage, and enters a train. (He used to go to the station in a *gig*, according to M. de Gaspé, but I never heard him use the word, though I know he patronizes the *cab-stand* rather than the “*place de fiacres*.”) “All aboard!” shouts the French guard. “All right,” says the French passenger. I remember one day, going down from Montreal to Quebec, hearing the guard ask a swarthy *habitant* for his “*billet*.” “Eh?” said he, puzzled. “*Votre tiquette*,” explained the guard. “Oh! Je comprends. Le voici.” I have even encountered a sentence like this, “*Nous leur donnerons des free-ticket*.” Jean Baptiste will also tell you, if you desire such information, that the train consists of “*douze chars et un engin*,” instead of “*douze wagons et un locomotive*,” but he still finds time to call the railway itself a “*ch’min d’fer*,” having cut down the syllables from four to two.

I have heard M. Legendre, a member of the Canadian Royal Society, boldly defend before that august assembly the use of such words as “*checké*” and “*checkage*.” But what would he say

to his fellow-scribe who picks up such an Americanism as "sleeper"—the common contraction for "sleeping-car," or Pullman—and sends it forth as "slipeur" to masquerade as French? That, of course, is sheer audacity. But it must have been a mighty combination of audacity and ignorance which produced "wospaur" as the equivalent of horse-power. Compared to this, "pouvoir d'eau" for water-power is a very mild Anglicism.

The variations of English that we call Americanisms are not always freaks of the inventive Yankee genius. Many are simply survivals of the language spoken centuries ago by the undivided race, and the guilt of tampering with the philological ark, if guilt there be, is ours. But there is a third class of Americanisms, composed of words and phrases twisted from their former meanings, or borrowed from the Indians, or imitated from the sounds of wilder nature, or invented outright to describe things and express ideas peculiar to the new surroundings of the speaker. The French language, when it spread to the larger France over sea, was enlarged in the same way. For instance, the drifting of dry snow, which in Canada often resembles an African sand-storm, has come to be called "*la poudrière*." The word "*raquette*," used on both sides of the English channel in its original French significations, means in Canada a snow-shoe—the offer of "*soulier-à-neige*" by philological purists being scornfully rejected by Jean Baptiste. The ice that forms early in winter along a river-bank is called the "*bordage*," which the dictionaries declare to mean the "side-planks of a ship." When the two strips of ice meet in the middle, they form "*le pont*"—often the only bridge available. In the early days, when the only passable roads were the rivers, Jean Baptiste invented the verb "*portager*" to describe the laborious act of carrying his canoe (often for miles at a time) along the shore when the stream was broken by "*les rapides*," or over a height of land to get from one water system to another; and such place-names

as Portage la Prairie, Rat Portage, are familiar to Canadians both east and west.

But even when Jean Baptiste has made or adapted a French word for himself, he sometimes abandons it for a word of English invention. For example: the myriad logs cut by lumbermen in the woods during winter are floated down stream in the spring and intercepted, when they reach navigable waters, by a long floating chain of tree-trunks, fastened at each end to the shore. In French this thing is "*une estacade*;" but Jean Baptiste has adopted the shorter English word, either under a veil of French orthography, as "*bôme*," or even "*baume*," or else in its naked English shape, "*boom*."

It is in commerce that "*l'anglicisme*" naturally wins its greatest victories. In his Montreal office M. Jean Baptiste employs a "*secrétaire 'privé'*"—not "*particulier*," like his Parisian cousin—and, to make matters worse, this official must nowadays be a "*typewriteur*" (or "*typewriteuse*," as the case may be) who increases the demoralization of his native tongue with his "*lettres 'typewritées'*." Of course the French-Canadian merchant has to count his money in dollars and cents like his neighbors, and "*cent*" or "*centin*" long ago displaced "*sou*." The obvious Anglicism "*chelin*" has gone out of fashion with the English shilling, and is only used (to represent twenty cents) by the old market-women and their contemporaries; and "*piastre*" is not yet translated into "*dollar*." But "*escompte*" has already become "*discount*," and "*différence*" has become "*balance*," regardless of the fact that "*balance*," like "*baume*," is a French word with quite a different meaning.

Exactly the same tendency is noticeable in the realm of politics and law—though Jean Baptiste, like other Celts, is a born politician, he takes to the law as a duck takes to water, and inherits a language equal to any legal or political emergency. In the old times, when Jean Baptiste went vote-hunting "*il monta sur le 'hustings'*." Nowadays, I suppose, "*il canvasse*." At any rate,

"les 'voteurs,'" and not "les votants," are the object of his tenderest solicitude. If he wins the election, he enters a Provincial Parliament where nearly all the speeches are believed to be in French; but he talks without shame of "les 'items'" in a budget, "les 'licenses'" to cut timber, "les 'provisions'" of an Act, letting the purists protest as they like that he ought to say "articles," "permis," and "dispositions." If an English member "promotes" the interests of his country, so does the French: "promouvoir" is his word. If the Englishman "anticipates" that the country will go to the dogs, Jean Baptiste "anticipe" the contrary, "prévoir" being much too correct for him. When a real Frenchman would say "j'approuve" or "je m'oppose à," the Bill before the House, Jean Baptiste says "Je concours dans," or "j'oppose," literally translating the English idiom. If a charge is brought against him (as will sometimes happen to a politician in Quebec), he tries to "se clarier" like an Englishman, not "se débarrasser" like a Frenchman; and if he fails—well, he makes "des apologies" as well as he can, not "des excuses" of the Parisian kind. If the worst comes to the worst, he hands in "sa résignation" as they do in England, not "sa demission" as in France. I have heard of a French-Canadian senator who made a speech about "l'assomption" of a local debt, and had to be reminded that the word should only be used of the Virgin Mary.

An honorable judge, who can certainly not be accused of Anglomania, said in the course of a judgment the other day: "Il avait 'sandwiché' les billets des plus petites dénominations entre d'autres." I am assured that Jean Baptiste as a rule rejects "sandwich" as too English, and innocently adopts "slice" as a French equivalent! The horror of Messieurs les Avocats may be imagined. And yet the gowned Jean Baptiste constantly anglicizes his own words and phrases. If he has to enter a case for hearing "il l'entre"—il ne l'inscrit pas, as he ought. When the case comes on for trial he "adresse

la cour," not "'s'adresse à' la cour;" his witnesses "prennent," not "prêtent," the oath; and in the end you may hear him say that the judge has "disposé de la cause"—again turning good English into bad French.

I have said that in social and family life the French and English Canadians rarely come into contact. Still, from his official and business relations with John Bull, or from his perusal (more or less surreptitious) of English and even heretical newspapers, Jean Baptiste carries home the bacillus of Anglicism day after day till the infection is spread by the very ties of kinship and friendship. Besides miscellaneous words like "slipper" and "stud," and such common phrases as "all right" and "how do you do" (the latter reappearing as "addiou" or "addouce"), which are swallowed whole, Jean Baptiste adulterates his ordinary conversation with such Anglicisms as "loquet," meaning his locket, and not, as a Frenchman would think, his door-latch; "estampe," or "estampille," for postage-stamp, instead of "timbre;" "basement;" "salle-à-diner," a variation from "salle-à-manger" not yet authorized by the dictionaries; "opérateur" for "télégraphiste;" "policeman," or "homme-de-police;" "huile de castor"—perhaps under an impression that the oil comes from the bodies of beavers; "sous" (instead of "dans") "les circonstances," because the English happen to say "under the circumstances;" "prendre son part," instead of "parti;" "payer" instead of "faire" a visit; and "passer des remarques," for "faire des observations."

Monsieur J. A. Manseau has taken the trouble to compile a "Dictionnaire des Locutions Vicieuses du Canada." The first little volume, of one hundred and sixteen pages, is entirely devoted to the letter A, and of five hundred words and phrases wrongly used fifty are Anglicisms. These include such examples as "acceptance," "accession" (of a sovereign), "accountant," "amunition," "auditer," "average," and "appointer" (to appoint an hour), as well as various eccentricities of language already men-

tioned. In case M. Manseau finds it possible and profitable to continue his campaign against "that leech with a thousand mouths," Anglicism, he gives us a taste of what we may expect—"editorial, fun, loose, mean, rough, set, smart, and a host of others, the very writing of which sets our pen as well as our nerves on edge."

M. Arthur Buies, another of the most active leaders in this "guerre à l'anglicisme," rages especially against "that incestuous love of the passive which Canadians harbor;" and by way of example he quotes a newspaper paragraph beginning "Nous sommes informés de Washington." "J'ai été notifié du fait," instead of "le fait m'a été notifié," is another case in point. No symptom of anglicization could be more significant; for the Frenchman's persistent ingenuity in keeping all his verbs in the active mood, and our own affection (legitimate enough, in spite of M. Buies) for the passive, form the most striking difference in construction between the two languages. If Jean Baptiste twists his verbs from the French attitude into the English, he does it probably with a vague idea that the new way is more convenient than the old, not wholly from an unconscious or unreasoning spirit of imitation. There is not a doubt that he gains in brevity and simplicity by some of the Anglicisms that provoke the Tardivels and Buies to wrath. By saying "directory" in place of "almanac des adresses," he saves two words out of three. By calling his "pistolet à répétition" a "revolver" he saves six syllables out of nine. "Pas d'admission sans affaires" may be a very barefaced translation of "no admission except on business," but it is much more businesslike than "l'entrée est interdite à ceux que leurs affaires n'amènent pas dans la maison,"—the correction of a Montreal purist. At any rate, nothing better can be expected of an "entrepreneur" who calls himself a "contracteur." Nor can you wonder at M. de Gaspé himself writing "a self-made man," when he can only translate it by the help of four times as many words—"un homme qui s'est fait

lui-même ce qu'il est." But where is the gain of anglicizing "passez-moi le sucre" into "Je vais vous troubler pour le sucre"? And when Jean Baptiste uses "aviser" for "advise" in the sense of "give counsel to," or says "je partirai la" course," because "partir" happens to express one meaning of the English word "start;" or when he makes "marier" do the work of "épouser" as well as its own, his language becomes distinctly poorer. I have known a Montreal journalist, by the by, so resolved to have nothing but French in his paper that he translated The Fertile Belt Company—"belt" being used to describe a stretch of land—into "La Compagnie de la Ceinture Fertile," or The Company of the Fruitful Sash. And this reminds me of another Montreal journalist who was sent to represent the *Star* at a French meeting, and astonished the doorkeeper by saying he came from l'étoile. Of course, there are some English words that defy translation. They have to be taken as they are or left alone; and Jean Baptiste is not content to leave them alone. They include such words as "yacht" and "lunch;" and a French authority already quoted adds "humor," "knack," and even "gentleman." "Le 'go-ahead' des Américains," this writer truly says, "était lettre morte pour nous;" and what French words could do justice to "le formidable 'plum-pudding,' ce géant des entremets britanniques," or "le 'punch' brûlant, à double charge de 'rum'?"

Father Chiniquy, one of the most distinguished of French-Canadian writers and preachers (though now disowned by most of his countrymen for his attacks on their religion) startled us all by declaring a little while ago that French was being given up because Frenchmen found it easier to speak English. He was commenting on the reduction between the census of 1881 and that of 1891 in the proportion of French-Canadians to the whole population of Canada. This, he thinks, was not due to the southward exodus only, nor to the growing English immigra-

tion. It is partly explained, he says, by the fact that many families formerly returned as "French-speaking" can no longer be entered under that heading. This is probably true. Jean Baptiste's family in Quebec increases at a prodigious rate, and streams over into Ontario as well as into New England. The vanguard of the overflowing army, the straggling fringe of outposts, the isolated skirmishers pushing forward into the enemy's country, find that they have to speak the enemy's language. When they revisit the old home they carry the accursed acquisition with them, and leave some of it there to contaminate the speech of their younger cousins. "Everywhere in the United States," Father Chiniquy says, "the children of French-Canadians, as soon as they acquire the English language at school, give up the use of French, except to speak to their mothers. By this process the French must rapidly disappear. It is the same here. A little girl came to me this morning"—he was staying in Montreal—"sent by a parent who had heard me preach and had promised to come and see me. She spoke to me in English for some time, and when I said to her 'Mais ne pouvez-vous parler français?' she replied, 'O mon Dieu, est-ce que je parle anglais?' There is a reason for this," the old Frenchman continued. "I read recently an article in a magazine about 'English the Universal Language;' but the writer did not know the true reason. I am in the midst of it, and I know. It is because they can express themselves with greater ease in English than in French." And M. Chiniquy went on to make the startling avowal—"When I write a book, and I have written many, I write it in English and then translate it into French. I find it more easy to do it in that way. Your expression is more direct, your syntax is more simple, and the sounds of your language more forcible. Listen!" And, springing to his feet, the old man shouted "Fire!" "There is some sound," he added; "what can we say in French? 'Feu.' It is lost. You can say 'Ready!'"—again in a most sonorous shout. "With us it is 'pret';

there is no sound. 'All aboard!'—with us it is 'embarquez,' but you cannot hear it at ten feet. Yes, sir, the English is bound to become the universal language."

Now truly "pret" is a finicking, trivial sort of word; it makes one think of a dainty damsel "ready" to pay an afternoon call rather than of a soldier ready to receive a cavalry charge. But when such a word as "ready" can be described as sonorous, the credit is due more to the lungs than to the language of the speaker. Even French becomes sonorous when sonorous lungs and throat have the speaking of it. The greatest of French-Canadian orators, the leader of her Majesty's Opposition in the Federal Parliament, is well described as "Laurier the silver-tongued," and as you listen to him you think Father Chiniquy is right. You can hear him, even at a distance, but—"there is no 'sound'!" On the other hand, the ex-premier of Quebec, the late Honoré Mercier, leader of the "parti national par excellence," rolled out his full-bodied oratory in a deep, rich stream of sound. Perhaps we ought to crush our national modesty and accept the homage that Father Chiniquy brings. It may be that in a majority of cases there is more volume of vowel-sound in an English word than in its daintier French equivalent. But we cannot flatter ourselves that the exceptions simply prove the rule; there are too many of them. It is certainly not for sound's sake that Jean Baptiste translates "I for one" into "moi pour un," when such rolling phrases as "pour ma part" and "quant à moi" lie ready to his lips.

This, however, is by the way. We may accept the general result of M. Chiniquy's experience, while failing to see the force of all his reasons; and, as he implies, it is in the United States that the anglicizing process attains its highest speed. It is a remarkable fact, and one not generally known, that one-fourth or one-fifth of the French-Canadian race has turned its back upon Canada, and is apparently turning its back upon French. Jean Baptiste gets even less encouragement to per-

sist in "jabbering his lingo" under the stars and stripes than he got under the Union Jack. For once, in their ambition to hear their common language spoken by all the world, John Bull and Uncle Sam agree; and when Jean Baptiste flees from one to the other he only exchanges the frying-pan for the fire. He cannot even keep his own name. I regret to say that spelling is not a strong point with the average American, even on the familiar ground of his mother-tongue, and in the strange waters of a foreign language he flounders desperately. In an American town close to the frontier of Quebec, the newspaper reader observes with surprise that prominent citizens bear such extraordinary names as Gonyo and Shonyo, Gokey and Amlaw, Pelky and Shambo. He discovers on inquiry that these gentlemen have come from Canada, where their fathers and brothers are still known as Messieurs Gagnon and Chagnon, Gauthier and Hamelin, Pelletier and Archambault. In the same way, Beausoleil has become "Bosley;" Picard, "Pecor;" Asselin, "Ashline;" Lafontaine, "Lafountain;" Lamontagne, "Lamountain;" Lavoie, "Laware;" Oulmet, "Waumette;" Bousquet, "Buska;" Giroux, "Gero;" Hébert, "Abare;" and Dauphinais, "Duffano. Compared with some of these monstrosities, such names as "Duckett" for Duquette, "Dufraine" for Dufresne, "Patnode" for Patenaude, and "Trombly" for Tremblay, may pass with scarce a sigh.

Sometimes the victim objects. Generally he does not care. Often he is the author of his own degradation. Even in a Canadian city, it is said that an elector who announced himself at the polling-booth as "Mr. Bighouse," and found no ballot paper awaiting him, explained that when the register was compiled he had borne the name "De Grandmaison." This may be a returning officer's little joke; but if it is true Mr. Bighouse only followed the example of a crowd of his fellow-countrymen a few miles further south. When Jean Baptiste emigrates, so eager is he to be thought "un Américain" that he

often translates his name into English before applying for naturalization. The young Canaïen whose father vegetates in northern rusticity as François Labonté blossoms into American citizenship as Frank Goodness. His companion, Dominique Lafortune, "goes one better" and calls himself Washington Lucky. In the same fashion M. Dionne becomes Mr. Young; Boisvert and Vertefeuille turn into Greenwood and Greenleaf; Laliberté and Poisson are easily recognized in Liberty and Fish; and M. Poulin is known to his neighbors under the name of Colt.

The careless French immigrant is not allowed to extinguish his nationality without a good deal of plucking at his sleeve by the keener Canadian patriots. National societies, les Sociétés de St. Jean Baptiste, have been formed in most of the American towns where French communities exist. French newspapers are published, national conferences are held and addressed by Quebec politicians. The Roman Catholic bishops in the States, who are mostly Irishmen, are vehemently urged to appoint French priests for French congregations, and belabored with scant respect for not doing so. In spite of all this, the French language in the northern states is even less likely to resist the surging tide of Americanism than the French language in Louisiana. There it still preserves in part its official status, the Convention of 1879 having restored the right—abolished at the end of the Civil War—of publishing laws and judicial notices in French. But listen to this confession from M. François Tujague of New Orleans:—

In our homes, our daughters to a certain extent keep faithful to the language of their mothers; but our sons escape us. They rebel against paternal authority under the pretext that our grammar is too complicated, [therein agreeing with Father Chiniquy]. The beautiful speech of their ancestors they consider a foreign idiom which doubtless has its charm but whose utility in this country is questionable—one which it is necessary for hard-working people to neglect in favor of English, not having time to learn two

languages. Such is the ridiculous notion of our sons, and, above all, of our grandsons.

This deplorable state of affairs is exhibited to the Frenchmen of Canada as an illustration of what they may expect if they allow the British flag to be hauled down. It is clear to M. Tujague that the language of Bossuet can only hold its own in French Canada if that country escapes annexation to the United States. No nationality, he declares, can long resist the dissolvent action of the great American crucible. M. Tujague is right. In the Canadian crucible not only is the mass to be dissolved both absolutely and proportionately greater, but the dissolvent chemicals are intrinsically more sluggish in their action. In the interest of the English language this is a pity. In the interest of the imperial unity it is a very good thing. We may be grieved to find that the two interests are antagonistic, but we cannot doubt which is the more important.

Unfortunately, from a British—fortunately, from an English—point of view, there is more evidence than I have brought forward to show that the dissolving process is surely going on even where the resisting mass is most solid. An independent French observer, writing in a Brussels paper a few years ago, said he found that

in Canada, as in Belgium, those who know both languages condescend, partly from courtesy but also from interest, to admit the language of the minority as the language for ordinary use. That [he says] is why all the people you accost speak English, creating the illusion of a people English by race. Ninety times out of a hundred, however, the question "Parlez-vous Français?" is enough to bring out the answer, "Si je parle Français? Mais je suis Français, mon cher monsieur, je suis Canadien-Français!" So much so that, after a few days' experience, you no longer stop to choose your language, but just speak English, certain in any case of being understood.

The same writer describes the Bules, Tardivels, and other anti-English crusaders as "returning from the battle,

if not killed themselves, without having given the enemy a scratch." He ends by assuring the French-Canadians, who are so anxious to maintain the status of their language, that if they do not take care they will find themselves defending a *patois* which it would be hard to distinguish as either French or English. French-Canadians have often enough already been charged with speaking a *patois*, and visitors from their mother country occasionally complain that they can neither understand nor make themselves understood. This is either exaggeration or stupidity. Jean Baptiste commits all the crimes of tongue that I have mentioned, and more. How superlatively Parisian a real Frenchman would think the people of Trois-Rivières who made a public presentation to a neighbor for his *galanterie*—when his real achievement was not in love-making but in life-saving! But the Parisians might find a worse *patois* in their own country. The difference between their language and that of the long-lost Jean Baptiste is one of accent more than of words. The French-Canadian speech is thicker, coarser, and less finicking than the French. One of the most striking differences occurs in a multitude of words ending in "ais," such as "jamais," "avais," which are pronounced "jama'," "ava'," and so on, even by educated Canadians who write perfect French. When the ancestors of Jean Baptiste sailed from northern France these words were spelt jamaois, avois; and the pronunciation has not changed with the orthography. In some proper names, such as Beauharnois, even the spelling remains unaltered. The French-Canadian takes liberties with his consonants as well as his vowels, as will appear from a few of M. Manseau's sad examples: a'oir, agré'ients, bl'n, anfin ("afin"); a'chante and l'chantant (for "elle chante" and "elles" or "ils chantent"); pramenez su' la rue: donne-moé-lé; c'est aue avartissement que l'bon 'leu 'l en'oïye! But, with all this, no one accustomed to the conversation of our French neighbors across the Channel need be hindered by an im-

aginary strangeness of speech from journeying to the inmost parishes of the Province of Quebec—a province full of rewards for the seeker after old-time ways.

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

From Temple Bar.
THE STRANGE PREACHER.

PART I.

He was first seen in Irthdale one chill March evening, none knowing whence he came, a tall gaunt figure with burning eyes. His voice, hands, gestures, his whole bearing, even the shabby clothes that hung loosely about his wasted frame, were those of a gentleman; and this fact was at once perceived and commented upon by the keen-witted untidy Lancashire crowd that gathered round him, attracted by his novel personality.

He spoke with extraordinary ardor and vehemence, and his subject was the soul of man. Behind him a furnace threw out banners of flame, the roar distinctly audible in the pauses of his impassioned speech, and the glare shining redly on the wet pavement, for the day had been rainy. To right and left stretched the grimy street with its noisy traffic, its sooty buildings, its aggressive unloveliness. And above, where the clear opal-tinted sky arched like the hollow of the Almighty Hand, man had drawn a dun veil of shifting smoke that coiled and floated in the atmosphere like an exhalation from the pit.

Yet even the smoke could not wholly obscure the crystal purity of the March heaven. Beyond the stifling vapor shone a glimmer of blue, a blurred gold glow in the west, where the cathedral towers rose dimly out of the murky haze like towers in a dream. And truly as a vision of the City Beautiful was that sign of prayer and peace seen from the dirt and grime of the city made by hands, evil-smelling, prosperous Irthdale.

Several more listeners joined the little crowd round the preacher. A vendor

of daffodils leant against a lamp-post, setting her basket down on the wet pavement, the yellow flowers looking like a reflection of the gold light in the west. Then a boy stopped. Then a big workman and his sweetheart, a blue-eyed fragile girl.

"See th' daffies, my lass?" he said. "Wilt tha ha' a bunch?"

"I loike th' sweet Nancies best," she replied, peering down into the basket, where white narcissi, as delicate as herself, nestled among the yellow.

"Fourpence a bunch fur Nancies," said the flower-seller.

The workman pulled out a handful of coppers, and the narcissi changed owners.

"They're main pretty, Will," the girl lifted the white blossoms to her face, "an' so sweet. Let's stay a minute an' list to th' preacher."

"A' reet, lass. I reckon I'm in noan hurry when tha'rt wi' me."

"Surely your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay," cried the resonant voice of the preacher, "for shall the work say of Him that made it, He made me not? Repent! Oh, stubborn and rebellious generation, lest ye be broken in pieces like a potter's vessel, cast out unfit for the Master's use. Behold, the night cometh!" he pointed to the western glow. "Repent! lest your dawn be as that which rose upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar."

"That's mostly Scripture," whispered the girl, "I've heard it i' church."

"Hast tha? Well, th' chap's a rare hond at rolling it out. Th' bishop's nowt to him."

And the workman searched his pocket for coppers, as did several other men; for the preacher had paused, and naturally the crowd felt the moment had come for the hat to be passed round.

But the stranger's hat remained on his head, and saying simply, "I am grateful to you all for listening to me," he moved away. Then as hands were stretched out with pence in the palms, he shook his head and added, "Thank you. I never take money."

"Ay, but what'll tha do fur victuals?" inquired a listener with frank interest. "Take it, mester. Tha's earnt it fair enow, fur tha's called us pretty nigh everything tha could lay thy tongue to."

Again the preacher shook his head.

"Sithee," interposed the man with the girl beside him, "if tha willna take brass I'll pay fur thee at yon," indicating a neighboring coffee-stall. But this offer was also declined, and the strange preacher went his way along the street in the direction of the high moorland without the town.

The crowd dispersed with various comments.

"He wunnot take owt fur's preaching? He mun be a bit soft i' th' head!"

"Happen he's a Methody."

"Nay, he isna. He's a gentleman. Ony fool con see that."

"Well, Methody or gentleman, he conna be more nor half-theer!"

"Wheer be his folks?"

"Happen they're glad to be shut on him. It's a' reet fur a stranger to start a preaching, but a mon conna stond it fro' his own flesh an' blood."

"Thot's true enow. I couldna stond it mysen."

Meanwhile the preacher held on his way with long swift strides that soon took him beyond the smoke and din of Irthdale. Up on the moorland the breath of spring was passing over the land. Celandine stars bloomed here and there by the willows, the moss looked greener, the grass-blades stood upright, no longer bowed by snow or crumpled by frost; and the growing grassy scent of spring rose up from the darkening earth. The sky was still full of light, pure pale green in the west, changing to clear cold blue overhead. Eastward a few stars glittered. On he walked in the gathering gloom, the lovely blue-green gloom that floated from under willow and hazel, filling the air with veils of shadow. Still he went onward, while the glimmering west faded and the stars grew brighter, as though they drew the vanishing light to their own radiance. A faint chill breath of air rustled in the dead fern, then died away. At last a darker blur than the

leafless trees showed against the sky. It was a forsaken hut, once used by gamekeepers, and still fairly dry and comfortable, but now deserted because a man had hanged himself in it. The country-folk said that the dead man walked round and round the hut, trying vainly to re-enter it. And the town-folk believed the tale. Therefore the little wooden shelter stood silent and empty on the highest point of the moor, the latch of its rough door stiff with rust, and soft cushions of orange-tipped moss growing in the hinges. Perhaps the stranger had not heard the story of the suicide. Perhaps he did not care. He made straight for the lonely hut, opened the long-disused door, and passed into the darkness within.

From this time forward he became a familiar figure in the surrounding towns and villages, always preaching with the same vehemence and on the same subject, and always refusing to accept either money or hospitality. None knew his name. Men called him "the strange preacher," and regarded him with a sort of uneasy compassion. He was poor. He was in earnest. Month by month he grew thinner, his eyes wilder and brighter, his clothes shabbier. He lived the life of a saint, of an anchorite; yet none craved his blessing or asked his prayers. Perhaps the sinister impression that he made on the minds of men was deepened by his own words. Once when he passed a group with the salutation, "The Lord be with you!" an old woman had responded, "an' w! thee, preacher." The preacher's reply was ominous. "Woman," he said, "the Lord has long ceased to be with me." Then he strode on, unheeding the curious expression of doubt that passed over the faces of his hearers.

He lived in the hut on the moor. It would be more correct to say he slept in it, for no matter what the weather might be, each dawn the preacher set forth to deliver his message. Often he walked almost incredible distances to and from the towns he visited; yet however much he may have needed

rest, part of the night at least, seemed to be spent in vigil, for belated wayfarers saw light streaming through the chinks of the windowless hut till past midnight. A rumor went about the country-side that the yellow light gleaming from between the rough boards was no harmless candle or ordinary lamp, but an illumination of terrific and unholy character. One timorous spirit hazarded the conjecture that the strange preacher was the Evil One himself.

"He conna be that, fur he preaches against un," said a bystander.

"Eh, yo' con never be up to th' Owd Un's tricks," was the gloomy response.

But the question as to the nature of the light was settled by a farmer one market-day in Irthdale.

"'Tis nobbut an owd lantern w' a tallow dip in it," he said, "fur I wur passing by th' hut this morning an' th' door wur wolde open, so I see th' lantern hanging up. Theer wur nowt i' th' place barring a rickety table, a couple o' stools, a pile o' straw in a corner, an' a pitcher."

"Whash in pitcher?" asked a dishevelled gentleman who was propping himself against a pillar-box.

"Water, tha fool!"

An expression of muzzy disgust overspread the inquirer's countenance.

"Beashly!" he ejaculated. "All typhoid. Doctors shay so."

Here he fell in a heap, and a friend kicked him into a dark archway out of sight of the police.

That same evening, as Farmer Buckley was driving home across the moor, he overtook the strange preacher. The month was July, the day had been intensely hot, and the stranger's usually vigorous steps were flagging; the face turned at the sound of the wheels was white and worn, though the eyes glittered as ever. Farmer Buckley pulled up, and offered the preacher a lift, which was accepted. As they drove on, Buckley, elated by having captured so rare and shy a bird, ventured on a further invitation.

"An' tha'll coom on to tea at th' farm,

preacher? My wife'll be proud to see thee."

"Thank you, I will. I had some thoughts of applying to you for a little work. Some odd job about the farm, by which I could earn—not money, but—bread and candles."

"Bread an' cannels?" repeated Buckley, staring. "To be sure, preacher, to be sure! Theer's odd jobs i' plenty if tha hast a mind to 'em. They'll be rough jobs fur a gentleman."

"I should like them."

"As tha pleases, preacher. Tha con begin to-morrow morn if tha likes."

"Thank you."

No more was said till they reached the farm, where Mrs. Buckley hastily brought out the best teapot in honor of the stranger. But great was the dismay of the farmer and his wife when their guest asked for bread and water.

"Why, preacher," said Buckley, in a tone of strong remonstrance, "this bacon isna foreign make. I bred th' pig mysen, an' killed an' salted un too. An' th' missis'll bring thee a mug o' beer if tha dunnot take to tea."

"Oh, I like both tea and bacon," replied the guest, "but I hae made a vow."

"Eh, well," responded the farmer, with a sigh, "every mon buckles his belt to suit hissen. I'll tempt noan to break a vow. But it do seem a pity."

Later, when the preacher departed homewards, Mrs. Buckley expressed her opinion that "menfolk wur mostly fools, fur when did ye ever hear o' a woman taking a vow against good victuals?"

"Happen a woman drove him to it," suggested her husband.

"That wur Adam's tale, an' I'm fair sick on't," retorted the matron. "I wonder thee men arena shamt o' repeating it."

"Well, dunnot be hard on th' poor chap. He's coming here to-morrow, to work at a job or two fur bread an' cannels. He willna take brass."

Here Buckley related the conversation in the cart.

"An' tha never towed me a word about it till now, tha great gowk!" exclaimed

his wife. "If I'd ha' known I'd ha' made up a parcel fur him to-neet. Most like he's gotten neither cannel to study his prayers wi', nor bread fur's breakfast."

"Eh, I never thowt o' that!" and Buckley half rose from his chair, but sat down again, saying, "I conna go up theer mysen, an' he wouldna be pleased if I sent one o' the men. He'll do till morn, an' tha con give him summat afore he starts work."

Thus it happened that two days in each week the strange preacher worked on Buckley's farm, and as the farmer remarked, "he wur rare an' handy about th' place."

Naturally the preacher's vow was known all over the county in about forty-eight hours, and it tended to increase his sinister reputation.

"What do a chap take a vow loike that fur? Eh, he's done summat!" the last few words being uttered in ominous tones and with a doubting shake of the speaker's head. "'Tis no wonder he mun ha' a cannel fur to say his prayers. It's loike enow a mon 'ud be feart o' th' dark when he's done summat."

PART II.

Harvest passed; golden September faded; and October came with its tawny coloring, its early twilights, its sweeping gales. One stormy afternoon Farmer Buckley, riding his favorite mare, started homeward from Irthdale market. A strong sou-wester had been blowing all day, steadily increasing in force towards sunset, till it was now bursting over the moor like a hurricane. The mare's pricked ears went round and round like miniature windmills as the blasts laid the willows nearly flat and careered hooting over the wide expanse. In the west the hurrying clouds suddenly parted, and a blaze of wild pale yellow light flooded earth and heaven. All the air quivered with the scintillating dazzle. It flashed back blindingly from the pools, seeming to meet myriad other flashes. The trees, the bushes, the herbage, the sandy track—all were blurred and

vague in the glittering topaz haze of that stormy flare from the west—a beacon light kindled by some watching angel.

For perhaps three minutes the blaze lasted. Then a dimness fell over the land. The rift in the clouds gleamed for a moment a narrow space of living gold, then closed; and the night and the wind darkened and raged over the moor.

The moon was nearly at the full, therefore a pale suffused glimmer filtered through the hurrying clouds, giving light enough to see the wildly-tossing branches and still wilder shadows. Farmer Buckley settled his hat more firmly on his head and himself more firmly in his seat.

"Whoa, lass! Theer!" he said as the mare shied violently at a beckoning shadow, "I dunnot wonder at tha being feart. Th' devil mun be abroad to-neet for sure. Steady theer!"

But as they reached higher ground the force of the wind was such that the animal could with difficulty be persuaded to face it. Each frenzied gust seemed to give one desperate tug to every bush and tree, and then went shrieking over the moor in savage disappointment. The roar of the tempest was incessant, yet through it all Buckley's accustomed ears could distinguish the swish of the willows and confused rustling of fern, the dry crackling of oak boughs against each other, the plume-like hiss of the larches as the wind drove through them.

"I reckon we mun be nigh th' preacher's hut," he said aloud. "I've half a mind to shelter wi' him till th' gale slackens a bit. Theer!—lass—theer!" as a hooting blast tore overhead, and the mare reared and plunged.

At that moment the farmer caught sight of a dim black mass from which emanated a faint shining. It was the hut, and evidently the strange preacher was at prayer. Buckley rode up to the side whence the strongest light issued. He knew the door was there, and he knocked vigorously with his whip-handle.

"Preacher!" he shouted, "wilt tha

take us in fur awhile?—me an' th' mare?"

But no one stirred inside.

"He conna surely be out i' a' this," soliloquized the farmer. "Anyway, if he be, I'll make free to go in—mare an' a'. No Christian mon 'ud grudge a roof to-neet."

The mare was standing quietly. Perhaps she recognized the hut as a human dwelling and expected shelter. Buckley dismounted, and holding the bridle, tried the latch. It yielded easily to his finger, and he gently pushed it open, saying apologetically:—

"I ask thy pardon, preacher, fur disturbing thee at thy hour o' prayer, but th' wind's enow to—"

Sheer astonishment checked his utterance. Was he dreaming? Did he in truth see the strange preacher sitting at the rickety table beneath the swinging lantern?—his eyes glittering, his pinched face white in the dim light, his thin fingers clutching the cards where-with he was apparently playing a game against an invisible adversary whose hand lay on the table. He glanced round as Buckley opened the door, said briefly, "Yes. Come in," and continued the game.

"Tha'll noan mind th' mare coming in too? Tha knows Balaam's ass had a sight more sense nor his master, an' I've thowt at times as it mout be th' same wi' th' mare an' me."

"Bring her in," said the preacher, leaning over to play his adversary's card.

Buckley led in the mare, carefully shut the door, and hung the bridle over a nail in the wall, remarking:—

"Hoo'll stond as quiet as a lamb."

Then he looked again at the card-strewn table. Apparently the invisible antagonist held better cards than the preacher, or else the latter played more skillfully for his opponent than for himself; for as the farmer watched, the game ended to the preacher's loss. He flung up his arms with a wild despairing gesture, hastily gathered the pack together, shuffled and cut, and dealt again.

Buckley felt puzzled. This was not

enjoyment. What was it? What could be its purpose? His natural courtesy checked the question rising to his lips, therefore he merely observed tentatively:—

"I'm glad I didna disturb thy hour o' prayer, preacher."

The preacher paused in his deal and laughed mirthlessly.

"My hour of prayer did you call it? You speak truth. This is truly my hour of prayer—the hour when each night I play with the devil for my soul."

Farmer Buckley's hair softly stirred upon his head.

"Fur thy soul?" he repeated.

"For my soul. I lost it to him. At cards. Now I try to get it back."

"An' do he keep winning?"

"Always."

Again Buckley felt that faint crinkling of his scalp.

The preacher finished his deal and picked up his own cards, the farmer still standing looking on. There were no chairs in the hut, only two rough stools, on one of which sat his strange host. The other was placed as though for the invisible player.

"Is yon stool set fur th' devil?" inquired Buckley.

"Yes," replied his host without raising his head.

"Well, it dunnot seem fitting to my mind that a Christian should stond on's feet while th' devil sits. So wi' your leave, preacher, I'll take th' stool mysen."

He drew the stool away from the table and seated himself squarely upon it with a determined air.

The game went on. No one spoke again. Within the hut all was silence save for the slap-slap of the cards, the slight sound of the mare's feet and the jingling of her bit as she amused herself by picking at the heap of straw near her. Without, the storm roared and shrieked round and over the hut as though the little shelter were submerged in a furious sea. Wave after wave of the wild gale beat on its rough timbers and whistled through its crevices. Still the playing went on,

and still Farmer Buckley watched the game.

"By th' Mass!" he muttered, using in his perplexity the old oath that still so strangely survives in the north, "their isna a mon i' a' th' countryside as would believe this if I tow'd him on th' Book."

The devil's luck still held. The preacher lost, despair'd, shuffled, cut, dealt again, all under the steady observation of Buckley's grave brown eyes. Perhaps having snatched the devil's stool spurred him to further and bolder defiance. Or perhaps a feeling of compassion and a kindly wish to help, mingling with the instinctive desire to take a hand in a fight that is characteristic of every decently-bred Briton. Whatever the cause, a brilliant idea flashed into Buckley's mind as the preacher was preparing for another deal.

"Howd on a minute, preacher," he said, "I've been turning o'er this matter i' my mind, an' I reckon I've gotten howd o' th' reet end o' th' stick. Sithee, a good Christian ought to be a match fur th' devil any day, but it stonds to reason that tha conna tackle him well w' thy soul in 's claws so to speak. Now here I be, baptized regular i' church, an' confirmed, an' wed an' a'; an' taking ome thing w' another I'm as clean as any mon I know. So if tha'll take th' devil's seat an' cards," rising from the stool, "I'll take thine an' play thee an' th' devil fur thy soul."

His host stared up at him with wild, glittering eyes, and a thunderous blast swept over the hut like a heavy sea.

"The Prince of the Power of the Air!" cried the preacher with a distraught laugh and an upward flourish of his hand.

"Ay, I know that," replied the farmer sturdily, "an' I dunnot care. Let un bellow hissen hoarse. Coom, preacher, hond o'er them cards an' give me thy seat, an' I warrant I'll win thy soul back fur thee afore dayleet."

A moment's hesitation, then the preacher rose.

"I will try it," he said. "It will be in vain, but I will try it."

"There's nowt like trying," observed

Buckley, as he took his host's seat and began dealing, while the preacher drew up the other stool opposite.

Thus the strange game entered on a new phase. Yet still the devil's luck held, for Buckley lost and lost, while the storm raved without, and the mare fidgeted and picked the straw, and jingled her bit, pricking her ears uneasily as a wilder gust than usual shook the hut. Now and then when the wind lulled for a moment, strange sounds seemed to gather outside; eerie whisperings, low hootings, broken laughter that ended in choking gasps and stifled screams. Then the wind would suddenly rise again with a sweeping rush as of great billows bursting overhead. The air was filled with a Witches' Sabbath of sound.

And through it all the two sat playing. The preacher, a man wrecked in mind and body, his limbs wasted, his eyes lit by no sane fires—the destroyed personating the Destroyer; Buckley, a man essentially antagonistic to the disintegrating force of the Lord's opponent, a man of solid worth, of calmness of nerve and dogged courage, of capacity to meet unmoved unexpected crises of life, of healthy impulses of strong compassion and steady resistance to evil—priceless jewels bequeathed by God-fearing and wholesome-living ancestors, jewels which we are daily—hourly dropping into the hands of the harlot science and her paramour the devil. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." And still the old temptation draws, though the Tree of Knowledge was not that of Life.

The dark hours drifted by, the candle in the lantern guttered, sank, was replaced by another and another, the uproar of the storm increased, wave after wave of thunderous sound engulfed them, then passed howling over the moorland. Buckley continued to lose.

"You see the uselessness of striving," said the preacher, looking at the farmer with eyes like the Ancient Mariner's. "The devil will keep his own."

"I'm noan so sure o' that," responded

Buckley. "It's loike enow th' Owd Lad ud howd on well till midneet, an' happen fro' that till one, but after one o' th' clock he's bound to weaken. Besides, it'll be St. Simon an' Jude to-morrow."

Here a tremendous gust burst open the door with a hoot, blowing the cards off the table into the air, where they gyrated for a moment in company with bits of straw, then fluttered down in all directions. The mare laid her ears back and snorted, glaring at the grey-black night beyond the open door—a faintly luminous blackness wherein tossing branches flung and writhed against the sky.

"Nay now," said Buckley, naturally irate at what he regarded as a mean trick on the part of the great enemy, "I'll noan stond that! I'll make thee play fair!"

He rose from his seat, drew from a capacious pocket a strong piece of twine, and closing the door, proceeded to tie the latch in such a manner that nothing short of a cyclone could blow it open again. This done, he surveyed his handiwork with satisfaction, then turned to the mare.

"Theer, lass!—theer—theer!" patting her. "Theer's naught fur thee to be feart on. I reckon hoo sees more than we do," this to the preacher, who had not stirred from his seat, "an' th' devil conna be a pretty sight fur mon nor beast. Con thee call to mind how th' game wur?" picking up the scattered cards.

"I think so."

"A' reet. So con I."

He replaced the cards, arranged his own hand, which he had stuck into a crack in the table when he rose to shut the door, and the playing was resumed.

Presently the farmer drew out his watch, looked at it, and remarked in a tone of anticipated triumph:—

"Past midneet, an' th' day Simon an' Jude."

After which he slapped his cards down defiantly.

Whether owing to Buckley's air of ostentatious victory, or to the remembrance of the day being that of Saints

Simon and Jude, who might reasonably be expected to back the farmer, or whether the poor half-starved body was unequal to the strain, who can tell? Certain it is that as the hours crept on the preacher's play became less decisive, more faltering. Perhaps the poor whirling brain missed the added excitement of the storm, for the violence of the gale was subsiding. By two o'clock it was still blowing hard, but the wind no longer roared and beat upon the moorland as in the earlier hours of the night.

Three o'clock came—four—five.

"By th' Mass!" shouted Buckley, flinging down his cards triumphantly, "I've won! Ay, I have—I've won! I've done th' devil out o' thy soul, preacher! I tow'd thee I'd win! A Christian wur bound to win! Theer thou art, reet enow, fair an' square, soul an' a'! Eh? what's wrong? Howd up, mon!"

For the cards slipped from the preacher's fingers with a little clatter, the glitter died out of his eyes, he swayed sideways, and would have fallen on the floor had not Buckley caught him.

"Theer! theer!" said the farmer soothingly, in much the same tones as he used to the mare, "tha'll feel a' reet presently. This sort o' thing's enow to upset any mon. Happen tha'd like to lie down a bit?"

He got the preacher on to the heap of straw that served as a bed, and then held the pitcher to his lips.

"I wish I'd brow't my whiskey-flask w' me. Theer isna much to be said fur water i' sickness. Dost tha think tha could sit th' mare if I led her? Th' missis 'ud be pleased to nurse thee awhile. How art tha feeling now, preacher?"

The preacher opened his eyes, and Buckley was startled, for their expression had changed. Also, the whole face had changed. However mad the stranger might have been, he was undoubtedly sane now—sane, and dying.

"Wilt tha let me fetch th' doctor? Tha's seen him at th' farm. He isna a bad soart, tha knows."

The preacher smiled. Buckley had

seen him laugh wildly, crazily, but never before had he seen him smile.

"As you please. It does not matter. Thank you."

"I'll be back in a jiffy," said Buckley. "Tha can make sure o' that." The wind had sunk. Only the fresh chill air of the dark morning floated in as the door was unfastened and the mare led out. Then Buckley mounted and rode off.

Grey light was spreading over the moorland as he drew rein in the nearest village, whence he could see his own roof rising out of the trees not a mile away. The village street was empty and silent, but from several chimneys faint blue curls of smoke ascended. The farmer looked at the little church and the vicarage beside it.

"Happen I'd best tell th' owd parson first, afore I ride on to th' doctor's," he said to himself, "it isna o'er early to rouse him up. Theer's th' kitchen fire alight."

The vicar was an old man, and strange to say, his years had taught him wisdom. He listened in silence to the astonishing tale related by Buckley, and then said:—

"I will walk up to the hut at once and take some restoratives with me."

"'Tis three mile good," said Buckley. "I tho'tt happen yo'd loike to drive up theer i' th' doctor's carriage."

"Perhaps you and he may overtake me," replied the vicar.

Buckley departed, and in less than ten minutes the vicar started on his way. He had been a stalwart man in his youth, and even now at seventy-five his step was still firm and fairly swift. The dawn brightened round him as he walked on, a dawn so calm and fair, that but for the evidence of the fallen leaves that lay in swept-up heaps whither the fierce wind had driven them, and the torn and broken boughs that everywhere strewed the ground, the storm of the previous night might have been a dream. The sun rose in misty, autumnal brilliancy, and the vicar's shadow, long and blurred, moved before him on the uneven track.

"Curious!" he murmured, "very curious! I am not sure that I ought to

countenance it. Yet if Buckley's action has soothed a troubled and bewildered mind— Sometimes these simple souls do more wisely than we, who in our idle vanity think we know so much."

He knocked at the door of the hut, but none replied. Then he gently lifted the latch, saying as he entered, "Peace be to this house."

And truly peace was there. The vicar paused on the threshold, the sunshine streaming past him into the hut, lighting up the heap of straw and the stark figure that lay thereon. With quiet footsteps he approached the miserable bed, leant over the figure and touched the forehead. Then he straightened himself, and pulling a stool towards him—for he was old, and wearied with his walk—he seated himself, drew a prayer-book from his pocket, and began to read the prayer for the departing soul.

A little morning breeze stole in at the open door and stirred the straw; a robin sang without; and the vicar's fine, sonorous voice, rose and fell on the stillness, repeating the words that, during so many centuries, have risen to God with so many English souls, from every clime beneath the blue. A sound of wheels mingled with the closing sentence. Buckley, followed by the doctor, stood in the doorway. "Amen," said the vicar, and shutting the book, he pointed to that which had been the strange preacher.

In the village churchyard, a plain cross with the initials, H. W., erected by the vicar, marks the resting-place of the strange preacher. These initials were on his linen, which, though worn and ragged, was of fine quality. None ever knew his name or his history.

Thirty years have passed since then. The vicar too sleeps in the old churchyard, and the snows of seventy winters have whitened Buckley's head. But through all the changes and chances of these thirty years, he has believed—still believes, that on that wild October night, he played with the devil for the preacher's soul—and won.

From The Fortnightly Review.
STRAY THOUGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA.

THE BOER.

"One of these days that golden place
May be reached by the Lemmings yet!"

E. A.

As, in describing the physical features of South Africa, we linger longest over the Karroo, not because it was one of the largest or most important features in the country, but because it was the most characteristically South African; so, in describing its people, we shall dwell first and at greatest length on the South African Boer—not because he is the most important nor the most powerful element among our peoples, but because he is the most typically South African. The Bantu and the Englishman may be found elsewhere on the earth's surface in equal or greater perfection; but the Boer, like our plumbagos, our silver-trees, and our kudoos, is peculiar to South Africa. He is the result of an intermingling of races, acted on during two centuries by a peculiar combination of circumstances, and a result has been produced so unique as only to be decipherable through long and sympathetic study.

The limits of this paper do not allow of our entering into an analysis of all those conditions of his early history which have made the Boer what he is to-day. The bare facts are ably and concisely set forth in works readily accessible to all;¹ and the great epic of South Africa which lies beneath them, yet awaits its seer and singer.

For our purpose, it is possible only to note shortly a few of those points in the early conditions of the Boer which bear most strongly on his later development, which have shaped his peculiarities, and made him what he is.

The history of the Boer begins, as is well known, in 1652, when Van Riebeck landed at the Cape with his small handful of soldiers and sailors to found a victualling station under the shades of

Table Mountain, for the ships of the Dutch East India Company, as they sailed to and from the East Indies.

If one climbs alone on a winter's afternoon to the old Block House on the spur of the Devil's Peak at Cape Town, and lies down on the ruined stone bastion, with the warm sun shining on one's back—as one lies there dreaming; the town and shipping in the bay below, blotted out in a haze of yellow light, leaving only the great curve of the sands on the Blue-Berg Strand, and the far-off mountains that peer out and disappear into the blue; then the noisy little life of the valley slips away from one, and through the mist of two centuries one is almost able to put out one's hand and touch the old, long-buried days, when the first white men built their huts on the shores of Table Bay; when at night the leopards crept down from the mountain and took lambs from the kraals, and lions were shot before the hut doors; when the Blue-Berg Strand was trodden by elephants, and the Hottentots lit their watch fires on the banks of the Liesbeck; when the great Hout-Bay valley was flecked with antelopes; and the stream which comes down now from the mountain gorge and flows through the valley, muddy and dark, was clear as crystal, and widened out into pools where the hippopotami played, and then crept away into the sea through the white sand; days when the blue mountains were the limit of the world the white man knew, and shut out the mysterious unknown beyond. Basking alone there on one's face in the warm sunshine, so near do those old days seem, that one half expects the "Lammefanger" to spread out its wings and sail out from the cliffs above, and a Bush-buck's step to break the stillness in the brushwood below; and one is loath to shake one's self and go down into the hot, fretted life, of the little city below; where the shop windows glitter with the work of many lands, and where women with little waists and high shoes trip down the pavement; and the Parliament Houses with their red brick and stucco, stare at one; and on

¹ See Theal's invaluable works on South Africa, more especially his artistic and finished volume, "Cape Commanders;" also Noble's "History of South Africa," Wilmot's "History," etc., etc.

the stoep of the Club in Church Square tall-hatted men lounge and talk over the latest town gossip or retire to the bar for whiskey; and where, in the side streets, are broken pavements, and Malays, and half-castes, and fish carts with their shrill whistles; and in the docks coal-dust, and shipping, and convicts and sailors; and everywhere are canteens and brothels and churches—all that makes the life of a little civilized town. It is hard to climb down through the fir woods and go back to it.¹

So, when one sits to write of African men and things, one would like to linger long over those early days, every detail of which is precious to us now; even how Annitje de Boeren was allowed to sell milk and butter to the early men of the Colony; how the handful of folks planted gardens, and traded with Hottentots for sheep and made expeditions into the unknown lands of Stellenbosch and the Paarl. All the story of how the sapling of white-man's life in South Africa, first struck its roots into the soil, has an interest no story of its later growth can hold for us. But for the present we can only notice hurriedly, and in passing, a few of those facts in the condition of the early settlers which seem most to have made the African Boer that which we to-day find him.

The first fact we have to note is that the men Van Riebeck brought with him to found his little settlement were men of different nationalities; largely Frisian or Dutch, but also German, Swedish, and even English. They were also, almost to a man, soldiers and sailors, children of fortune, and not agricultural laborers. A century later, when we find the descendants of these men wanderers across the untrodden plains of South Africa, their flintlocks as their only guard, the motive that drives them forward and on, only an unquenchable passion for movement and change, and a free rebellion against

the limitations with which civilized life hedges about and crushes the life of the individual—then we shall find it useful to remember that in part the original stock from which these men sprang was composed of these free-fighting children of fortune, rovers of the sea and the sword. That power of persistent, patient, physical labor and submission to restraint, that tenacious clinging to the spot of earth on which he has once taken root, which constitutes at once the strength and the weakness of the true agricultural class in all countries, has always been markedly absent from the character of our South African Boer, and could hardly have been his through inheritance. For Van Riebeck's men were not merely soldiers and sailors forced into service by conscription, but men gathered from all nations by a species of natural selection, their inborn love of a wild and roving life leading them into the service of the Dutch East India Company. Over the shoulders of the men who took their aim at Majuba Hill, and behind the men and women who again and again, on their long and terrible marches through South African deserts, have seen their kindred fall dead at their feet of thirst and want, and have yet moved on, one sees the faces of these old rough forebears looking! The South African Boer becomes fully intelligible only when we remember that the blood of those men runs in him, modified by other elements, but active in him still.

We come now to a second small point to be noted as bearing on the development of the Boer.

The commanders of the early settlement gave out to certain of their men portions of land on the Peninsula, to be cultivated for their own and the company's benefit. These men built huts, planted and sowed. Thirty years after Van Riebeck landed there were two hundred and ninety-three white men in the settlement, but only eighty-eight white women and the men on their little allotments grumbled for want of wives. The directors of the Dutch East India Company conferred, and it was determined to send out from certain orphan

¹ Roads now scar the mountain side; and within the last months the Block House has been turned into a convict station; so civilized men's shadow casts itself month by month further across our land.

asylums in Holland girls to supply this want; and, from time to time, ships brought small numbers. The soldiers and sailors at the Cape welcomed them gladly; they were all speedily married and settled in their homes at the foot of Table Mountain.

It may appear fanciful, but we believe it is not so, to suppose that this small incident throws a side-light on one of the leading characteristics of the African Boer. For the South African Boer differs from every other emigrant branch of a European people whom we can recall, either in classical or modern times, in this: that, having settled in a new land, and not having mixed with the aboriginal inhabitants nor accepted their language, he has yet severed every intellectual and emotional tie between himself and the parent lands from which he sprang. The Greek, whether he settled in Asia Minor or Sicily, though economically and politically independent, was still a Greek; an uncut cord of intellectual and emotional sympathy still bound him to the mother country; and after two hundred years the inhabitant of Syracuse or Ephesus was still a Greek of the Greeks; bound not only to Greece as a whole, but to that particular state from which he sprang; and among the most immortal and typical of Grecian names are those of men not born in the parent home of the race, but in its colonies. The modern Australian, Canadian, Yankee, or even American Spaniard, if of unmixed European blood, turns still to Europe as home. Political differences may have had to be settled in blood, and commercial interests may divide, but emotionally and intellectually, the bond which binds a European colonist to the home from which he sprang, and to Europe as a whole, is an all-operative fact. The Boer has had no great conflict with his parent peoples in Europe; he has not lost his race by completely mingling it with the barbarous people among whom he settled; yet he is as much severed from the lands of his ancestors and from Europe, as though three thousand instead of two hundred, years had elapsed since he left it.

Later on we shall look at certain large and adequate reasons for this most remarkable phenomenon; but, among the lesser causes which have contributed to it, it seems to us more than probable that the position of these early mothers of the race played its part.

When the ordinary emigrant female bids farewell to Europe to make her home in a new land, whether she leaves a mud cabin in Ireland, a vine-grower's cottage in Germany, or a mansion in England, the moment in which she catches a last glimpse of the land of her youth is one of the most emotionally intense of her existence. The life she leaves may have been one of hardship, even of bitterness, and the life she goes to may be one of ease; but, binding her to the land behind her are the ties of blood and childish remembrances of home—ties which shape themselves as mightily in the mud cabin or the back slum of the city as in the palace. She is leaving the one spot on earth where she is an object of interest and importance to her fellows. When she arrives in the new world it is to that home that she sends the record of her marriage—there that she knows the story of her sorrows and her gains will be waited for! In the hour of childbirth it is to the women of her own blood "at home" that her heart turns with yearning; and as years go by "my people" and "my home" gain a color and size they would never have borne if near at hand. She thinks of them as a denizen of the earth, removed to one of the fixed stars, might think of this old planet, without remembrance of its aches and pains! And as her children grow up, the first stories they hear are not of Colonial things and people, but European—of fields in which little children gather buttercups and daisies, of ice and snow, and the roaring life of cities; and as the little Colonial children play in the hot sun upon the *Koppjes* among *stapellas* and *aloes*, they think how beautiful those fields must be, and wonder how the daisy chains are made, and how primroses smell! and at night in their little hot beds they dream of ice and snow, and fancy they hear the hum of cities.

Even the names of our European relatives who have played in those fields and lived in those cities have acquired a certain mythological charm for us, and the Aunt this and the Uncle that, of whom our mothers tell us, they are not the commonplace, material uncles and aunts who may live in the next street and be seen every day. They are real, yet invisible, like the actual presence in the Holy Wafer; of real flesh and blood, yet removed from sight, like the heroes of a mythological fairy tale! Europe and its life are to us, from our earliest years, the ideal and mysterious, with which we have yet some real and practical tie.

No European who has not grown up in the Colony, being born of pure European parentage, can understand the full force of this Mother tradition.

Like the odor of an unknown plant or flower, it must be experienced to be comprehended. Nor does it die out with the first generation. The mother transmits it to her daughter and the daughter to her child. It is the echo of this legend which goes so largely to form that curious body of sentiment with which the most commonplace colonist visits Europe for the first time. The most sensitive man, growing up in the original home of his race, does not understand this subtle and delicate emotion; and the most hard-shell man of business among us is not untouched by it when he sets his feet for the first time on the old-race shores.

"And this is England! And this is Europe!" It is as though he woke up in a kind of fairy land! The tiled cottages with the moss upon them, the hedgerows, the square village greens with the churches, the bluebells in the woods—he has seen them all before—in a dream. In the roar of the great city curious emotions come to him. As he drives in an omnibus the conductor calls, "Shoreditch!" and he starts and looks out. Above him is the great church tower:—

"When I grow rich,"

Say the bells of Shoreditch!—

and again he is one of the group of chil-

dren holding each others' hands to play at "oranges and lemons" in a colonial garden. "So that Shoreditch we sang of under the fig-trees was a real place! No doubt the great bells hang up there!"—and for a moment the prosaic back slum is an inverted childhood's fairy land.

And there are perhaps few among us who, on our first visit, do not at some time creep away to find ourselves in some spot to which we do not wish our acquaintance to accompany us. It may be a street in a great city, or a village in a German forest, or an English parsonage; but we feel we are bound to it with a tie others may not touch. Perhaps it is only a shop window at the corner of Finsbury Pavement at which we stand gazing in, because we know that sixty years before a little child with bright eyes and rosy cheeks came here, wrapped up in her furs, and holding her mother's hand, to buy her Christmas doll! And we stand gazing into it till we turn away sharply, fancying the people see what we feel. Or we go to a little country village; no one tells us the way from the station; but we see a church tower and an old elm-tree we have heard of; and as we walk towards them down the village street, we would like to run up to every one we meet, and say, "Oh! don't you see, we are come home again!" We stand at the parsonage gate, and look over at the trim lawn, and the ivy on the bow windows; and we go away. There is a stile where we know a man and woman once talked on summer evenings, when they did not yet dream that the life they promised to spend together was to be lived out far over the seas, in the strange land, which their children's children were to inherit. We wander into the churchyard, and brush the ivy from the grave-stones; we stand at last before what we seek—years of European frost and rain have half obliterated the writing on the stones; we trace the letters with our fingers; the names are names we know. And so it comes to pass that we still call Europe "home;" though when we go we may have nothing to bear witness to the fact but a few broken headstones

in a country churchyard—the land is ours!

This bond, light as air, yet strong as iron, those early mothers of the Boer race could hardly have woven between the hearts of their children and the country they came from. Alone in the world, without relatives who had cared sufficiently for them to save them from the hard mercy of a public asylum, these women must have carried away few warm and tender memories to plant in the hearts of their children. The bare boards and cold charity of a public institution are not the things of which to whisper stories to little children. The ships that bore these women to South Africa carried them towards the first "Good Hope" that ever dawned on their lives; and the day in which they landed at Table Bay and first trod on African soil, was also the first in which they became women, desired and sought after, and not mere numbers in a printed list. In the arms of the rough soldiers and sailors who welcomed them, they found the first home they had known; and the little huts on the banks of the Liesbeck, and the simple boards at which they presided, were the first at which they had been able to look round and see only the faces of those bound to them by kindly ties. To such women it was almost inevitable that, from the moment they landed, South Africa should be "home," and Europe be blotted out; the first generation born of these women, and the free, tieless soldiers and sailors with whom they mated, probably looked on South Africa as does their latest descendant to-day. On their lips, when they looked at the valleys of Stellenbosch, or the slopes of Table Mountain, the words—*Ons Land*—meant all they mean on the lips of the Transvaal Boer or the Free State Burgher of to-day,—"*Our Land*; the one and only land we know of, and care for, wish to know of, have any tie or connection with!"

If it be objected that the number of these women was too small to have permanently influenced the attitude of the Boer race in its relation towards Africa and the home countries, it must be

answered, that small as their number was, they were numerous in proportion to the whole stock from which the race rose. For it must be borne in mind in studying the South African Boer, how very small that stock was. He was produced—as are all suddenly developed, marked, and permanent varieties in the human or animal world—by the close inter-breeding of a very small number of progenitors.¹ The handful of soldiers and sailors who first landed, a few agriculturists and their families, the band of orphaned girls, and a small body of French exiles, to be referred to later on, constitute the whole parent stock of the Boer people. From this small stock, by a process of breeding in and in, they have developed, there having been practically no addition made to the breed for the last two hundred years; the comparatively large numbers to which they have attained having entirely to be accounted for by the fact of their very early marriages and prolific rate of increase. Thus the Boer

¹ The permanent and fixed type of the Jewish variety of the human race, which enables it to transmit its physical and mental characteristics with perfect truth even when crossed with another race, was probably created by the fact that the Jews were all descended from one or a very small body of ancestors, and bred rigorously in and in. Their own very suggestive legend states that the original founder mated with his own sister, which would make it almost impossible for the true Jews to revert to any but one type. So it is possible to understand how the Boer, in the course of a few generations, has formed a type fixed and marked, both mentally and physically, only when we consider how small was the number of individuals from which he originally sprung, and how he must, of necessity, have bred in and in, cousin marrying cousin again and yet again. There probably often land in a large American and Australian port, on a single day, more European emigrants than the number which composed the whole original stock of the Boer, including all French additions; there is therefore no possibility of the average colonist forming a similar marked type through inter-breeding. Even to-day it is not uncommon to find a Boer three times related to his own wife; she may be his first cousin on his father's side, his second cousin on his mother's side, a fourth cousin through a maternal grandmother, and there may have been antecedent intermarriages of which there is no record. The children of such a marriage inheriting an almost homogeneous blood from both sides, can hardly fail to be of some fixed type.

represents rather a clan or family than a nation; and there is probably no true Boer from the Zambesi to the Cape who does not hold a common strain of blood with every other Boer he meets. Each Boer has in him, probably, at least a drop of the blood of these women; and their emotional and intellectual peculiarities can hardly have failed to leave their mark on him.

But we must turn now to the most interesting point in the early history of the Boer, and one which alone would fully account for his attitude towards Europe, and for many other of his unique characteristics.

In and about the year 1688, thirty-six years after the first landing of Van Riebeck and his handful of men, there arrived at the Cape a body of French Protestant refugees, numbering in all, men, women, and children, somewhat under two hundred souls. These people, driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were offered an asylum in South Africa by the Dutch government, which they accepted. They were not an ordinary body of emigrants, but represented almost to a man and a woman that golden minority which is so remorselessly winnowed from the dross of the conforming majority by all forms of persecution direct against intellectual and spiritual independence. Mere agriculturists, vine dressers, and mechanics, with but a small sprinkling of persons belonging to the professional classes, these men yet constituted an aristocracy—ennobled, not through the fiat of any monarch, but selected by that law deep lying in the nature of things, which has ordained that where men shall be found having the force to stand alone, and suffer for abstract conviction, there also shall be found the individuality, virility, and power which founds great peoples and marks dominant races.

The fate of the South African Boer was safe from the moment these men came to mingle their blood with his; as the fate of the North American States was safe when the Mayflower had crossed with its load of dissentient Englishmen; as the fate of the Spanish

colonies would have been safe, had Spain, in place of cauterizing her growing points in the bonfires of the squares of Toledo and Madrid, simply nipped them off from the parent tree and transplanted them alive in her colonies in the New World, there to beget a newer and stronger Spain. One is sometimes astonished at certain qualities found in the South African Boer, till one recalls the fact that a strain of this uncompromising, self-guiding blood runs in his veins; making him what often in his lowest and poorest conditions he yet remains—an aristocrat!

On the arrival of these men at the Cape, the Dutch East India Company portioned them out lands to cultivate, mainly in the lovely valleys of Stellenbosch, French-Hoek, and Drakenstein. At the time of their arrival they formed probably about one-sixth of the whole population. How rapidly they increased and how large is the share their blood holds in the Boer race may be noted if one runs one's eye over a list of the occupants of any village or district inhabited by Boers, and marks how great the number of French names which will occur. There are districts in the Western Province of the Colony in which these names largely predominate over those of Dutch or German origin; and, even in the Free State and Transvaal, they are numerous to an extent which their original numbers would not have led us to expect. Of our most noted of Cape families, many bear these names: the De Villiers, the Jouberts, the Du Toits, the Naudés—and if other names, such as the Van Aarts, Hofmeyrs, or Krugers, are not less widely known, it will generally be found on analysis that the proportion of French blood even in these families is as large as in those whose patronymics are purely French. There is probably not a Boer in South Africa at the present day whose blood is not richly touched by that of the Huguenot.

But it was not only or mainly by bringing to the formation of the new race this strong and select strain of blood that the Huguenot influenced the Boer, and through him the future of

South Africa. It is he who has rendered permanent and complete the severance from Europe to which we have referred.

When the ordinary settler leaves Europe he goes out more or less under theegis of his mother country, and, for a time at least, wherever he may settle, he still feels her flag wave over him; if wronged, it is to the representative of his mother land that he turns; if he settles in an uncivilized country, it is as the forerunner of his people that he takes possession of it. Should he go to a territory already colonized by another European race, he may lose himself more quickly in the existing organization. But still, for generations, the Irishman, Scotsman, German, or Italian feels a certain bond between himself and his parent land; and Europe as a whole holds a vast place in his consideration.

Not infrequently his national feeling is intensified by transplantation. Nowhere on the surface of the globe were toasts to the health of the queen and the royal family, and to the success of old England, more heartily drunk than by the British settlers of 1820, when they ate their first Christmas dinner, beneath the blazing South African sun, under the Kunee trees of Lower Albany. To these men, as to English colonists all the world over, the strength and dignity of their position lay in the fact that they, a minute portion of the great English nation, had come to this new land to implant themselves, a branch from the old stock, which should in time take root and grow to be a giant worthy of its parent tree. They felt themselves the ambassadors of a worthy people, the bearers of a flag which waved over every quarter of the globe; the representatives of a power which they believed to be the most beneficent and powerful on earth. So, these men named their little villages and their districts after the men and places of the old country—"East London," "Prince Alfred," "King William's Town," "Queen's Town," "Lower Albany"—and their farms bore often

the names of the homes in England from which they came. Socially, religiously, and more especially politically, they strove to reproduce, line by line, as accurately as circumstances would permit, the national life they had left. "So-and-so things are done at home." That settled, as it still to-day to a large extent settles, all argument. To-day the third generation of these men has arrived at adult years; but consciousness of national identity with the parent people is hardly dimmed. The young English African who has never been in Europe may boast that South Africa is the finest country on earth, and swagger of its skies, and wild, free life, or ridiculously enough, boast of the civilization which it has attained; he may resent bitterly any interference with what he considers his material rights on the part of the "Home Government." But turn to the same man and ask him what his nationality may be, suggest that he may possibly be of any other race than his own, and you will not twice repeat your question:—

For in spite of all temptation
To belong to another nation,
He remains an Englishman!

Deep in the heart of every English-speaking colonist is a chord which responds to the name of the parent people as to no other; and the depth of the emotion is curiously exemplified in the most insignificant matters. That seemingly imbecile passion which causes Colonials to drag down and retain as mementoes the curtains of a bed on which a British princeling has slept; the comic manner in which the average colonist will gravely inquire of you on your return from Europe whether you have "seen the queen," and their solemnity in all matters pertaining to ancient and almost worn out English institutions, all have in them an element radically different from that which would animate the average Home Englishman, were he to act in a like manner; an element not to be found in the sycophant crowds which loll open-mouthed about St. James's on the

afternoon of a Drawing-room; and which is radically distinct from the servility which bows before mere wealth and success. The colonist is perhaps rather more inclined than others to criticise mercilessly the princeling or dignitary sent out from home (and does so very freely after his arrival, when his guilt has worn off him); but behind the individual man lies something of which he is the representative, and it is this which causes him to have for the colonist a quite peculiar value. The enthusiasm he awakens is an enthusiasm for an emblem, not a man; for the representative of English nationality, not for the ruler. The difference between the feeling of the Englishman in the colony and the Englishman at home, with regard to all the insignia and emblems of the common national life, forces itself strongly on the notice of one who visits England for the first time. There is an absence of the element of passion and romance in the "Man at Home's" way of viewing these things. The difference between these attitudes being best compared by likening it to the difference between the feelings of two men, one of whom remains in the house of his parents and possesses it, the other of whom leaves it forever. If outside the house windows grows a great lilac-tree, it is simply a material part of the house he inhabits to the man who possesses it. As long as the branches shade the window or do not damage the walls, he regards it with passive approval; when they begin to obstruct the view, and the roots interfere with the foundations, he has not the slightest remorse in lopping off the branches, or, if need be, uprooting the whole tree—the whole house is still his, the tree he regards from a utilitarian standpoint. On the other hand, to the man who has left the home of his childhood and gone to a foreign land—if one should by any chance send him a sprig from the old tree that grew before the windows, he would wrap it up and carry it about buried in his breast—the small sprig is an emblem to him of the whole home which once was his, and to which he is

still bound by ties of affection, though severed forever by space. It would be as irrelevant to accuse the one man of insensibility because he did not weep over the chopped-down branches, as to accuse the other of emotional weakness because he grew tender over his sprig. The Englishman in England needs no visible emblem of that national life in the centre of which he is imbedded, and of which he forms an integral part. To the Englishman separated from that life by wide space and material interests, the smallest representative of national life and unity has a powerful emotional value. It is to him what the lock of his mistress's hair is to the absent lover; he treasures it and kisses it to assure himself of her existence. If she were present he would probably notice the lock little. The princeling is our lock of hair, the Union Jack our sprig of lilac.

Even in the seemingly childish deference to manners and fashions imported from home, along with less exalted motives, this idealizing instinct plays its part. Nowhere on earth's surface are English-speaking men so consciously Anglo-Saxon as in the new lands they have planted. You may forget in England that you are an Englishman; you can never forget it in Africa.

The colonist will oppose England if he fancies she interferes with the material interests of the land he inhabits, as the married man takes the part of his wife, should he fancy his own mother seeks to over-dominate her. The wife is the bearer of his children, the minister to his material comforts; but deep in his heart there is a sense in which the mother has a place the wife will never fill. If his wife die he may soon find another; and her hold will be lost and her place taken; but his relation towards his mother is ineradicable; more changeless because more purely ideal and immaterial. She is the one woman he will never allow man or woman to speak slightly of while he lives. He may quarrel with her himself, may even wound her, but he will allow no other man to touch her by word or in deed.

If to-morrow England lay prostrate, as France lay in 1871, with the heel of the foreigner on her throat, there are sixty millions of English-speaking men and women all the world over, who would leap to their feet. They would swear never to lie down again till they had seen her freed. Women would urge on sons and husbands and forego all luxury, and men would leave their homes and cross the seas, if in so doing there was hope of aiding her. It will never be known what colonial Englishmen feel for the national nest, till a time comes when it may be in need of them.

Our dearest bluid to do her guid
We'd give it her and a' that!

For, it may be more than questioned whether even brother Jonathan, in spite of the back score against her and the large admixture of foreign blood in his veins, would sit still to see the foreigner crush the nesting place of his people; to see the cradle of his tongue, the land of Chaucer and Shakespeare trampled down by men who know not their speech. And the Irish-Englishman all the world over, forgetting six centuries of contumely, would, with the magnanimity of his generous race, stand shoulder to shoulder with his English brother, as he stood and died beside him in every country under the sun. **Blood** is thicker than water—and language binds closer than blood.

The England of to-day may disregard this emotional attitude towards herself of her colonists, and by persistent indifference and coldness may kill it, as a father by neglect may alienate the heart of his son, and turn to stone what was once throbbing flesh. And it is fully possible that as England of the past, when her government was conducted by an ignorant, monarchical aristocracy, despised her colonies because they were small democracies, and alienated them by ruthlessly using them for her own purposes; so the England of to-day, becoming rapidly a democracy, may, through the supine indifference and self-centred narrowness inherent in the nature of over-worked uncultivated masses, kill out

forever the possibilities which might arise from the full recognition and cultivation of this emotion. But the fact remains that to-day this bond exists; the English-speaking colonist is bound to the birthplace of his speech; and little obtrusive as this passion may be, it is yet one of the most pregnant social phenomena of the modern world, one capable of modifying the future, not only of Anglo-Saxon peoples, but of the human race.

We ask no forgiveness for thus digressing, for, until the attitude of other European colonists towards their home lands has been fully grasped, the very exceptional position of the Boer, and the effect of his attitude on himself and South Africa, and the importance of the Huguenot influence in producing this attitude, cannot be understood.

So complete has been the Boer's severance from his fatherlands in Europe, both France and Holland, that for him they practically do not exist. For two hundred years their social and political life has rolled on unrecked of by him; Paris and the Hague are no nearer to his heart than Madrid or Vienna. He will swear more lustily at you if you call him a Frenchman or a Hollander than should you call him an Englishman or a German; and we have known ignorant Boers who have vigorously denied that they had even originally descended from either Hollanders or Frenchmen.

The Huguenot has caused this severance in two ways.

Firstly—through the fact of his being a religious exile, and an exile of a peculiar type.

The exiled Englishman who founded the Northern States of America, though they might wipe the dust off their feet against the land they left, did not cut that land wholly out of their affections and sympathies. A government party, dominant for the moment, had made it impossible for them to continue their own form of worship in peace; but, in the land they left, half their countrymen were bound to them by the closest ties of spiritual and intellectual sympathy, and were a party so strong as

soon to become dominant. It was not England and its people who expelled them, but a step-motherly government. Therefore they founded "New England" and clung to the old.

The Huguenot ancestor of the Boer left a country in which not only the government, but the body of his fellows were at deadly variance with him; in which his religion was an exotic and his mental attitude alien from that of the main body of the people.

To these men, when they shook off the dust of their feet against her, France became the visible embodiment of the powers of evil; her rule was the rule of Agag, whom the Lord should yet hew in pieces; her people were the children of Satan, given over to believe a lie, and her fields were the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah on which in judgment the Almighty would yet rain down fire and brimstone; a righteous Lot fled from them in horror with all that he had. To these homeless fugitives the Europe that they had left was as the "house of bondage." The ships which bore them to South Africa were the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord their God, in which he bore his chosen to the Land of his Promise. As the Huguenot paced the deck of his ship and saw the strange stars of the Southern Hemisphere come out above him, like Abraham of old he read in them the promise of his covenant-keeping God: "To thee and to thy seed shall the land be given and they shall inherit it. Look up and see the stars of heaven if thou canst count them: so shall thy seed be for multitude; like sand, like fine sand on the seashore. And when thou comest to the land that I shall give thee, thou shalt drive out the heathen from before thee."

And as he entered Table Bay, and for the first time the superb front of Table Mountain broke upon him, he saw in it his first token from his covenant-keeping God—"The land that I shall give thee!"

And the beautiful valleys of Stellenbosch, French-Hoek, and the Paarl, in which he settled, were to him no mere terrestrial territories on which to plant

and sow; they were the direct gifts of his God; the answers to prayer; the fulfilment of a divine covenant; a fief which he held, not through the fiat of any earthly sovereign, but directly from the hand of the Lord his God. The vines and fig-trees which he planted, and under which he sat, were not merely the result of his labor; they were the trees which aforetime he had seen in visions when he wandered a homeless stranger in Europe—"The land that I shall give thee!" To this man, France was dead from the moment he set his foot on South African soil, and South Africa became his. Unlike the Englishman, the Huguenot no more thought of perpetuating the memory of France in "New Parises" and "New Orleanses" than the Jew when he had escaped from the land of Egypt, thought of recalling the cities of Pharaoh in the names of the towns of Palestine. There is hardly a spot in Africa named by the French Huguenot in memory of his land; he called his farms "Springbok-fontein," "Beeste-Kraal," "Jakals-fontein," and "Katkop."¹ Better to him has seemed a South African jackal or wild cat than all the cities of France.

Thus to the Huguenot, not only was France the object of his abhorrence, and Europe a matter of indifference, but the South African land became from the moment he landed the object of a direct and absorbing religious veneration, excluding all other national feelings. And in very slightly modified form he has transmitted this state of feeling to his latest descendant. Deep in the hearts of every old veld-schoen-wearing Boer that you may meet, side by side with an almost religious abhorrence of other lands and peoples, lies this deep, mystical, and impersonal affection for South Africa. Not for the land, as inhabited by human beings, and formed into social and political organizations of which he is a part; not for the land, regarded as a social and political entity, is it, that he feels affection. It is for the actual physical country, with its

¹ Springbok-Fountain, Cattle Pen, Jackal's-Fountain, Cat's-Head.

plains, rocks, and skies, that his love and veneration are poured out (absolutely incomprehensible as this may appear to the money-making nineteenth-century Englishman). The primitive Boer believes he possesses this land by a right wholly distinct from that of the aborigines whom he dispossesses, or the Englishmen who followed him; a right with which no claim of theirs can ever conflict. His feeling for South Africa is not in any way analogous to the feeling of the Johannesburg digger or speculator for the land in which he has "made his pile," nor even to that of the ordinary colonist for the territory in which his habitation lies; nor is it quite of the same nature as the passion of the old-world Swiss for his mountains, nor of the Norwegian for his fjords. Its only true counterpart is to be found in the attitude of the Jew towards Palestine—"When I forget thee, O Jerusalem!"

His feeling towards it is a faith, not a calculation. It is as useless to attempt to influence the Boer by showing him that he will derive material advantage by sharing his land with others, as it is to try to persuade an ardent lover that he gains by sharing his mistress with one who will contribute to her support. His feeling for South Africa is not primarily based on utilitarian calculations or considerations of the material advantages to accrue to him from its possession; it is the one vein of idealism and romance underlying his seemingly prosaic and leaden existence. Touch the Boer on the side of South Africa, and at once, for the moment, he is hero and saint—his feeling for it a religion.

It has been from the complete failure to grasp this attitude of the Boer towards South Africa that certain curious mistakes have been made by far-seeing politicians and keen diplomatists in dealing with South African problems; mistakes only to be comprehended when one considers that curious inability inherent in the so-called "practical intellect" in all ages to comprehend anything beyond the narrow aims and ambitions which constitute its

own little world. It is this inability which so often makes the conduct of these shrewd people, when they have to deal with the wider problems and deeper emotions of human life, like the conduct of a child who, to remove a speck of dust from the eye, should insert a needle and stir it about in the living substance.

The Huguenot, by implanting this religious passion for South Africa in the heart of the Boer, and by the fact that he brought with him no political sympathies with France, helped to sever the Boer from his parent States; but even these influences, while they would account for his division from his parents' nationalities, would not alone account for that complete severance from the common social and intellectual life of Europe, and from all civilized European societies, which characterizes the Boer of the past and of to-day, and we must seek for its cause further.

When the Huguenots first arrived at the Cape, they had little to complain of in the treatment they received at the hands of the Dutch East India Company—lands were given them side by side with the earlier emigrants, by whom they were received. But the government of the Dutch East India Company, then dominant at the Cape, was a despotism, and resembled rather the dictatorial rule existing on board a troop-ship than any form of government we are now accustomed to picture as existing in a young European settlement. When the Huguenots landed their speech was French, and the ruling powers disapproved of it, and determined to exterminate it, and substitute at once the Dutch language. A decree was passed prohibiting its public use. It might not be used in the churches nor taught to the children in the schools. The Huguenots resented this enactment. Smaller in numbers, but superior in culture and intelligence, they were unwilling to see their speech forcibly submerged; and there was a time when they went so far as to talk of physical resistance. But in the end they were subdued, and within a generation the

French language was extinct. The old grandmother might still mumble it in her chair in the corner, or sing its nursery rhymes to her grandchildren in it, but they no longer understood her; law and arbitrary force had done their work. We are inclined to believe that no single autocratic action on the part of any South African government has ever so deeply influenced the future of South Africa and its people than this seemingly small proceeding, influencing only a few hundred folk.

To show how this has happened we must somewhat digress.¹

The language spoken by the Boer of to-day is called "the Taal." It is not French, nor is it Dutch, nor is it even in the usual acceptation of the word a dialect of Dutch; but it is a broken form of speech based on that language. It is used at the present day all over South Africa by the Boers and half-castes as their only speech; it is found in its greatest purity in the Free State, Transvaal, and frontier districts, where it has been least exposed to scholastic and foreign influences during the last few years. To analyze fully this tiny, but interesting variety of speech, would take us far beyond our limits. It differs from the Dutch of the Hollander, not as archaic forms of speech in Europe often differ from the literary, as the Italian of the Ligurian peasant from that of the Florentine, or the Somersetshire or Yorkshire dialects from the language of the London newspapers; these archaic European dialects not only often represent the earlier form of the language but are often richer in varied idioms and in the power of expressing subtle and complex thoughts than are their allied literary forms. The relation of the Taal to Dutch is of a quite different kind. The Dutch of Holland is as highly developed a language and as voluminous and capable

of expressing the finest scintillations of thought as any in Europe. The vocabulary of the Taal has shrunk to a few hundred words, which have been skorn of almost all their inflections, and have been otherwise clipped. The plurals, which in Dutch are formed in various and complex ways, the Taal forms by an almost universal addition of an "e;" and the verbs, which in Dutch are as fully and expressively conjugated as in English or German, in the Taal drop all persons but the third person singular. Thus the verb "to be," instead of being conjugated as in the Dutch of Holland and in analogy with all civilized European languages thus runs: Ik is, Je is, Hij is, Ons is, Yulle is, Hulle is,—which would answer in English to—"I is," "thou is," "he is," "us is," "you is," "they is"! And not only so, but of the commonest pronouns many are corrupted out of all resemblance to their originals. Of nouns and other words of Dutch extraction, most are so clipped as to be scarcely recognizable. A few words are from Malay and other native sources; but so sparse is the vocabulary and so broken are its forms, that it is impossible in the Taal to express a subtle emotion, or abstract conception, or a wide generalization; and a man seeking to render a scientific, philosophic, or poetical work in the Taal, would find his task impossible. The literary artist who has tried to introduce into his work of art in any European language a picture of Boer life, knows how impossible it has been to find any organized dialect which would correspond to it. In English neither the Scotch nor country dialects, nor the Irish brogue, nor the pithy inverted forms of city slang will answer. To a certain extent he will be able to preserve its form and spirit in copying the manner of a little child, as it lisps its mother tongue. But this would not preserve all its peculiarities. Its true counterpart is only to be found in the "pigeon" English of the Chinaman, or, better still, in the Negro dialects of the Southern American States. In the stories of "Brer-Fox" and "Brer-Rabbit," as told by the old southern slave

¹ This digression on the "Taal" may, to the English reader, appear lengthy. But the question of language lies at the core of the difficulty between the Dutch and English in South Africa, and unless the nature of the "Taal" be grasped many of our problems are inexplicable.

² "The Taal," i.e., "The Language."

in "Uncle Remus," we have one of the few literary examples of such a speech as the Taal. In both languages there is the same poverty of vocabulary, the same abbreviated condition of words, the same clipping of forms, and the same much larger intelligence in the speakers than ill-formed language gives them the power of expressing—a thing which can never happen where a people has slowly shaped its own language—and, as a result, the same tendency to *suggest indirectly* ideas which the speaker has not the power of directly stating, from which results the irresistible humor of both dialects. It is often complained of by persons lately from England, that when the English South African has a joke to make, or comic story to tell, he lapses into the Taal, which is not understood by the new-comer; the truth being that it is the use of the Taal which transforms an ordinary sentence into a joke, and makes the simplest story irresistibly comic. There is hardly a South African that has not at some time told a story in the Taal, who, when called upon to translate it for the benefit of some stranger, has not found that the humor had evaporated and the laugh gone. Merely to attempt to express a deep passion or complex idea in this dialect is to be superbly humorous. The story is told of two Cape students whose Edinburgh landlady gave them notice to quit because their laughter disturbed her other lodgers. On inquiry it turned out that they were, for their own diversion, engaged in translating the book of Job into the Taal! And so entirely is the Dutch of South Africa removed from the rich sonorous Dutch of Holland, both in structure and sound, that we were lately requested by a woman, whose native speech was the Taal, to come to her aid, as her newly arrived gardener was a German, whose speech she could not therefore understand. On the gardener appearing, we found he was a Hollander, recently from Amsterdam, and speaking the most excellent Dutch!

So widely in fact has this dialect separated itself from Dutch that the

Boer boy at the Cape working for an examination finds it as hard to pass in literary Dutch as in English or French, and it not infrequently occurs that the Boer boy is plucked in Dutch who passes in all other subjects. Between the language of the "Camera Obscura" and the "Paarl's Patriot" there is hardly more affinity than between the old Saxon of Alfred's day and the slang of a modern London street boy.

In answer to the question, "How did this little speech arise?" it is sometimes suggested that the original soldiers and sailors who founded the settlement being largely Frisian and wholly uneducated, never spoke Dutch at all, but a dialect; and that, being mainly uncultured persons, and using no literature, their speech easily underwent further disintegration. On the other hand, it has been said that the Taal has been formed by the intercourse between the Dutchman and his slaves, and the aboriginal races of the country; that these people, obliged to use an imperfect Dutch, taught their broken lingo to their masters' children, which has so become the language of the Boer.

Something is to be said for both views, more especially for the second. At the present day the Taal is the only tongue of the many thousands of half-castes which have resulted from the union of the Boer with his slaves; and it is exactly such a broken form of speech as does arise, when a large body of adults are suddenly obliged to learn and use a foreign tongue as was the case with the slaves. But neither of these theories seems wholly to cover the ground. In the Southern States of America for a hundred years slave nurses brought up English children, but not the slightest effect on their English speech was produced, and nowhere in America is a purer English spoken than by the descendants of the southern planters. Even allowing that, being uncultured, the forefathers of the Boer might more easily have let their speech slip than was the case with the more cultured planters, it still seems unlikely that a people so rigidly and exceptionally

conservative as the Boer has shown himself to be, even in the smallest details of daily life, during his two hundred years in South Africa, should suddenly and entirely have dropped his own pure language and accepted his speech from the hands of his despised dependants.

We put forward the suggestion with diffidence, perhaps to be corrected by those who have considered the matter more deeply, but it has appeared to us that, fully to account for the Taal, it is necessary to allow a leading place to the influence of the French Huguenot and the sudden suppression of his French speech.

A considerable body of adult persons, suddenly introduced into a population whose language they are abruptly and by force compelled to use as their own, if, as in the case of the French Huguenots, they are socially the equals, and intellectually the superiors, of the people among whom they settle, and if they at once proceed to intermarry with them, may, and almost must, powerfully influence and disintegrate the speech of the majority. The Taal is precisely such a speech as the adult Huguenots arbitrarily and suddenly forced to forsake their own language and to adopt the Dutch, must have spoken. And that they should have imposed their broken language on their fellow colonists seems far more probable than that the slave should have done so. In language, yet more than in other human concerns, imitation is the expression of an unconscious admiration. The mannerisms, accent, and intonation of an individual, admired or loved, are almost inevitably caught; those of the despised, unconsciously though carefully avoided. The cultured woman, laboring from philanthropic motives for ten years in the slums of a city among the outcast poor, finds her speech become almost more punctiliously correct through shrinking from the lower forms used about her; but were the same woman to love and admire a man of an uncultured class and live ten years with him, her speech would inevitably be tinged by his.

The child follows the speech of its mother; the lover of the loved.

At least the fact is certain, whatever else may be doubtful, that within one generation after the arrival of the Huguenot at the Cape the language spoken by the people was neither Dutch nor French, but that broken dialect we call the Taal.

If our supposition be correct, and the Taal was indeed formed in the way we have suggested, then that curious affection of the Boer for his little cramped unformed dialect, which makes it second only to South Africa as the object of his passionate devotion, becomes comprehensible. Contemptible when we think of it as the passionate clinging of a man to a degraded form of his own speech, the feeling of the Boer for the Taal becomes not only understandable, but almost pathetic, when we regard it not as a speech picked up from the group at the kitchen doorway, but as inherited from the best of his early forbears, first shaped on the lips of the young Huguenot mother as she bent over the cradle of her child, striving to shape her speech to the new and unknown tongue. If this be so, then the Taal is indeed what the Boer so often and so vociferously calls it—his "Muddertaal;" and one is bound to regard his feeling for it as one regards the feeling of a woman for her mother's old wedding-gown and faded orange blossoms—they may be mouldy and unfit for present-day use but her tenderness for them is a matter for sympathy rather than for ridicule.

If our supposition be correct, and the Huguenot truly helped in the formation of the Taal, then his influence over the Boer, and through him over South Africa, has been, as we have said, almost unlimited. For the Taal has made the Boer.

It has been to him what its spinal column is to a vertebrate creature, that on which its minor peculiarities depend, and the key to its whole structure. It has been the prime conditioning element in his growth, beside which all others become secondary.

Naturalists tell that on certain iso-

lated mountain peaks and on solitary islands, surrounded by deep oceans, there are sometimes found certain unique forms of plant and animal life, peculiar to that one spot, and not to be found elsewhere on the earth; and that, further, there is nothing in the climate or the soil to account for the fact that this especial little plant, or winged insect, or thick-legged tortoise, should be found there and nowhere else. The whole fact is a mystery, till science makes a further discovery. It finds, all over the surface of the earth, the fossilized remains of just such or analogous plants or animals and then the mystery is solved; and it is clear that our unique species have no particular relation to the spot in which they are found, nor have they been evolved through its influence. They are but the survivals of forms of life once universal, which have been preserved in those situations, when the rest of their species perished, through the action of some isolating medium—the inaccessible height of the mountain crags, or the width of an ocean—which has preserved them from the forces which have modified or destroyed their race elsewhere. Such a unique species is the South African Boer. Like the marsupials of Australia, or the mammoth tortoises of the Galapagos Islands, he is incomprehensible while we regard his peculiarities as evolved by the material conditions about him; he becomes comprehensible only when we recognize the fact that he is a survival from the past; that the peculiar faiths, habits, superstitions, and virtues now peculiar to him were once the common properties of all European peoples; that he is merely a child of the seventeenth century surviving on into the nineteenth, and that the isolating medium through which this remarkable survival has been effected has been the Taal!

If, in the struggle for existence between the different forms of speech in the early days of the colony, either French or pure Dutch had conquered and become the language of the French-Huguenot settler, if he had inherited as his birthright any organized form of

literary European speech, the Boer as we know him could not have existed; and in place of this unique child of the seventeenth century, wandering about on South African plains when almost all his compeers in Europe have vanished, we should have had merely an ordinary inhabitant of the nineteenth century. For when we come to consider it, it has not been his life in South Africa, nor his geographical severance from Europe which has been the cause of his peculiar mental attitude and social condition, and which divides him from the whole body of the nineteenth century European folk.

That complexus of knowledge and thought, with its resulting modes of action and feeling, which, for the want of a better term, we are accustomed to call "the spirit of the age," and which binds into a more or less homogeneous whole the life of all European nations, is created by the action of speech and mainly of opinion ossified and rendered permanent, portable, in the shape of literature. Even in the Middle Ages it was through this agency that the solidarity of European life was attained. Slow as were the physical means of transport and difficult as in the absence of printing was the diffusion of literature, the interchange was enormous. Mainly through the medium of the Latin tongue, held in common by the cultured of all civilized European countries, thought and knowledge travelled from land to land more slowly, but not less surely, than to-day. The ambassador, the student, and the monk in their travels exchanged thoughts with the men of foreign countries through its medium, and the religious meditation poured forth by the monk in his cell in Spain, the romance shaped by the French poet, the chemical discoveries of the Italian professor, once committed to Latin manuscript, were the property of all Europe. In the pocket of the travelling monk or wandering scholar carefully preserved copies crept from land to land; from the learned class the knowledge of their contents filtered down to the wealthy, and from these to the people, till at last

in the German cathedrals were sung the hymns of the Spanish monk, the Dutch chemist perfected the experiments of the Italian, and the romance of the Frenchman, translated from Latin into the colloquial tongues, was sung from end to end of Europe, beside peasant hearths and in baronial castles; and, whether we study those centuries in Italy or England, in France or Spain, their spirit is essentially one.

At the present day, though the use of a common literary tongue has ceased among us, the interchange of thought with its resulting unity is yet more complete. The printing-press, the electric-telegraph, which give to language an almost omnipresent voice, and, above all, the habit of translating from one language into another whatever may be of general interest, are more completely binding all nations throughout the world where a literary speech prevails, into one solid body, until, at the present day, civilized men in the most distant corners of the earth are more closely united than were the inhabitants of neighboring villages in the Middle Ages, or than savages divided by half a mile of forest are at the present day. The chemical discovery made by a man of science in his laboratory to-day and recorded in the pages of a scientific journal, is modifying the work in a thousand other laboratories throughout Europe before the end of the week. The new picture or ideal of life, painted by the poet or writer of fiction, once clad in print travels round the globe, modifying the actions of men and women before the ink with which it was first written has well dried out; and the news that two workmen were shot at a strike in Hungary, committed to the telegraph wire, will, before night—and quicker than the feet of an old crone could have carried it from house to house in a village—have crossed from Europe to America and Australia, and before to-morrow half a million working men and women, separated from each other by oceans, will have cursed between their teeth. Probably to no man is the part played by literature in creating this unity in the civilized world

so clear as to the writer himself, with whom it is often a matter not of intellectual interference, but of ocular demonstration. What he has evolved in a sleepless night in London or Paris, or as he paced in the starlight under the Southern Cross, if he commit it to writing and confide it to the pages of some English review, will, within two months, have passed from end to end of the globe; the Europeanized Japanese will be reading it in his garden at Tokio; the Colonial farmer will have received it with his weekly mail; it will be on all the library tables of England and America. Even if his thought be thrown into the more permanent form of these separate volumes, it may be months or years, but if it be of value in itself, it will as surely go round the globe on the current of the English speech. The Australian will be found reading it at the door of his house on his solitary sheep run; the London city clerk, as he rides through the fog in the omnibus, will take it from his pocket; the Scotch workman will spend his half holiday over it; the duchess will have fingered it in her boudoir; the American girl have wept over it, and the educated Hindu have studied it. A little later on, it will have value, it will, through translation, pass the limits of national speech. The German student will be carrying it in his breast-pocket as he walks along the Rhine; the French critic will be examining it with a view to to-morrow's article; the Russian and the Dutchman will be perusing it in its French dress, and even the polygamous Turk, in his palace on the Bosphorus, will be scanning its French pages between sips of coffee. Within a few years the writer may see on his table at the same moment a pile of letters from every corner of the globe, and from men of almost every race that command a literature. The thought of his solitary night brought him into communion closer than any physical contact with men and women in every corner of the globe; and as he handles the little pile—dating from a British Residency at Pegu, a cattle ranch in California, an unknown village in Russia—he realizes,

perhaps with surprise, that even his own slight thread of thought forms one of those long cords which, passing from land to land and from man to man, are slowly but surely weaving humanity into one. Perhaps to the modern writer alone is that "human solidarity," transcending all bounds of nation and race, for which the French soldier on the barricades of Paris declared it was necessary for him to die, not merely an idea but a solid and practical reality. His kindred are not merely those dwelling in the same house with him, but the band of men and women of whatever race or color in whom his thought is germinating; for him almost alone at the present day is the circle of nationality which for the ordinary man still shuts in so large a part of his interest and sympathies, obliterated by a wider, which knows no distinction of speech, race, or color—his readers are his nation, and all literary peoples his fellow-countrymen.

So powerful, indeed, is the unifying effect of this interchange of thought that to-day the mental life of all countries sharing European literature may be compared to one body of water in a great inland sea; divided, indeed, into bays, gulfs, and inlets, but permeated everywhere by the same currents, and forming a common mass. The three large and almost international forms of speech, English, French, and German, may well be compared to main currents, a particle committed to whose waves is instantly swept abroad everywhere; yet the smallest form of literary speech, such as the Dutch or Portuguese, does not shut out the people using it from the common interchange. Like little bays, divided from the main body by a low sand-bar, before which the waves of the outer currents may be delayed for a moment, but which they are sure to overleap sooner or later, bearing in all that the outer mass contains, and sweeping out to join the larger body all the deposits peculiar to the smaller, so into the smallest civilized speech is sure to be borne, sooner or later, by means of translation, all of value that deposits itself in the larger life and literature of

Europe, and all they have to contribute is borne out into the larger. The moralizings of a Russian reformer and the visions of the Norwegian playwright, for a moment confined within the limits of their narrow national tongues, are yet swept into the worldwide speeches and span the globe, adding their integral portion to "the spirit of the age," as certainly as though first couched in a dominant tongue.

In this common life of civilized European peoples the Boer has had, and could have, no part. Behind him, like a bar, two hundred years ago the Taal rose, higher and higher, and land-locked him in his own tiny lagoon. All that was common to the great currents of European life at the same time of his severance from them you will find to-day in his tiny pool, if you take up a handful of his mental water and analyze it, but not one particle of that which has been added since has found its way in to him. His little speech, not only without literature, incapable of containing one, and comprehensible only to himself and his little band of compatriots, shut him off as effectively from the common growth and development of Europe as a wall of adamant. The superstitions, the virtues, the ideals, and the vices of the seventeenth century, you will find faithfully mirrored in him; the growths, the upheavals, the dissolutions, which have made the nineteenth century have passed by without touching him in his Rip Van Winkle sleep behind his little Taal.

It is somewhat curious to reflect on all that he has missed! The Europe he left was a Europe still reddened by the fires that burned witches and heretics; Newton was a little child playing in Lincolnshire fields, Descartes had been in his grave two years; it was not twenty since Galileo had been obliged, before a Christian tribunal, to disclaim the heresy of the earth's movement; it was not fifty years since Bruno was burnt for asserting the unity of God and Nature, and Vanini at Toulouse for empiricism; and Calvin's murder of Servetus still tainted the spiritual air.

For the Boer, the awakening of human reason in the eighteenth century, with its stern demand for intellectual tolerance, and its enunciation of universal brotherhood never existed. The cry for Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, with which later on the heart of Europe leaped forth to grasp an ideal for which men's hands were not yet quite pure enough, but which rent the thunder-cloud of despotism brooding over Europe; the Napoleonic wars and the crash of thrones; the growth of physical science, re-shaping not only man's physical existence but yet more his social and ethical life, of these things the Boer behind his little Taal heard nothing.

Even the rise of the commercial system during the last century, which has spread out its claw till it covers not only Europe but is digging its nails into the muscular fibre of all the world, and which has enthroned in place of all the old ideals, national and personal, simply one—wealth; and which seems to sit to-day enthroned over human life as no tyranny has ever sat before—of this phase of modern life the Boer knows nothing also. He still believes there are things money cannot buy; that a man may have three millions of money in syndicate shares, and hold command over the labor of ten thousand workers, and yet be no better than he who goes out every morning in his leather trousers to tend his own sheep. Still less has the Boer caught the faintest sound of that deep whisper, which to-day is passing from end to end of the civilized world, questioning whether this commercial god be indeed the final god of the race; whether his throne might not yet fall as others have fallen before. A whisper which may at any moment break out into the wildest cry that has yet rung round earth—and humanity, breaking down the idol, may start on its march in search of a new shrine.

Of these two mighty movements, the one apparent and dominant everywhere, and the other silently riddling the ground beneath it into holes, till it sounds hollow beneath the foot—of

these matters also the Boer knows nothing. As he is ignorant of the gracious and generous developments of the modern world, so he recks nothing of the diseases which have fastened on it, or the reactions against them.

Even of those large external events which have marked the march of the civilized world during the last forty years no report has reached him; or but a faint adumbration. The American Civil War of thirty-five years ago, when the foremost branch of the Anglo-Saxon peoples decided, amid a torrent of its own blood, what was to be the permanent attitude of advancing humanity on the greatest question of inter-human relations—of this he knows nothing. John Brown and Harper's Ferry are names as unfamiliar to him as Marathon and Thermopylæ, and what they teach he has yet to learn. Goethe, Beethoven, Kant, Darwin, Whitman, Mill, Emerson, and Marx are as absolutely mere names to him as Jan Dik-pens or Jan Bovenlander. Few of the stars shining over our heads now were in his firmament when he left Europe.

When one considers these things, then we understand our African Boer. There is, then, nothing puzzling in the fact that he, a pure-blooded European, descended from two of the most advanced nations of Europe, and being no poor peasant crushed beneath the heel of others, but in many cases a wealthy land-owner with flocks, herds, and crowds of dependants beneath him, and in his collective capacity governing States as large as European countries; should yet, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, possess a credulity which would excite ridicule in a London or Paris gamin; that he should hold fanatically that the earth does not move, and repeat the story of Gideon to support his view; that he regards scab, itch, and various skin diseases as pre-ordained ordinances of the Almighty, which ought not to be interfered with by human remedies; that he looks upon the insurance of public buildings as a direct insult to Jehovah, who, if he sends a fire to

punish a people, should not be defeated by an insurance of the building;¹ that his faith in ghosts and witches is unshakable; that till quite lately he held railways to be a direct contravention of the Almighty's will, who would have made them himself if he wanted them; all this becomes comprehensible when we remember that his faiths, social customs, and personal habits, so superbly ridiculous in the eyes of the nineteenth-century European, are nothing more than the survivals of the faiths and customs universal among our forefathers two hundred years ago; that they in no way originated with, or are peculiar to, the South African Boer.

The fact that this survival and his opposition to the modern spirit is not merely the result of the Boer's geographical severance from Europe, and that it has mainly depended on his little language, is made clear when we glance at other emigrant European peoples. However far distant from Europe, in North America, Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, wherever a European race has settled, if it has not (as in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese in their South African and South American colonies) mingled its blood with that of the aborigines, then that translated branch is found, not only to retain its connection with European life and growth, but in many cases to lead in that growth. It is further often remarked on as matter for wonder in these colonies how large is the percentage of individuals taking the lead in the social, material, and intellectual life, who were reared among circumstances which most widely severed them from the external and material conditions of modern civilization. But there is no cause for this wonder. The English emigrant who settles in the backwoods of a new country, may rear his family in primeval solitude, they may grow up on the roughest fare, and in the closest contact with untamed nature; the man may have little time or aptitude for imparting to his son culture or learning,

but his speech is one of the earth's great tongues, spoken by every one in fifteen of the inhabitants of the globe, and his son inherits it. The mother or grandmother may teach the child his letters from an old primer, and for the rest, his education may be only that which nature gives to the wildest of her children. He may grow up without the sight of a city, and beyond the reach of the touch of luxury; but he has in his hand the key to all modern civilization. When a chance traveller passes at intervals of months or years, the boy may listen eagerly to his conversation; and if he leaves behind him a tattered book or the torn page of a six months' old newspaper, or if the lad's mother unearths from the bottom of an old trunk a couple of brown volumes brought by her mother or grandmother from Europe, the boy can spell them out and pore over them, and gain a glimpse into the world beyond. If, at seventeen or eighteen, he tires of the life of the backwood, and desires to see the life beyond, he has only to shoulder his bundle, and at the end of a hundred or thousand miles he finds himself in the city. All about him may be strange at first; he is awkward in act, slow in speech, but there is not a word or a sound in the world about him that is not educating him; the talk of the men in the lodging house, the arguments of the men in the public bar, the chatter at the street corners, the newspapers he takes up, the cheap books he buys for a few pence, open the world to him. In six months' time he may be only distinguishable from the men about him by his greater vigor or the more quiet strength which a contact with inanimate nature has left him. In five years' time, if he have inherited will and intelligence, you may find him the rising man of business or the self-taught but cultured student; in ten or fifteen more he may be the learned professor, the railway king, the foreign ambassador, the president of a state, or the writer with a world-wide reputation! Given that man inherits as his birthright some literary European speech and attains some elementary

¹ This view was propounded and backed by the votes of a majority in the Transvaal Parliament recently.

knowledge of its letters, and the civilized world is his oyster, the knife to open which he holds in hand, if he have the strength to use it. No isolation among barbarous surroundings can sever a man from the life of his race who keeps his hold on its language and literature. In the heart of Kaffirland to-day you may come across a solitary trader's hut, the man who inhabits it has been twenty-five years severed from Europe; his material surroundings are little better than those of the barbarians around him; but on the shelf in the corner are a dozen old books, and in the drawer of the table he has a score of last year's reviews and papers. You are astonished by the passionate eagerness with which, as soon as he has lost his shyness, he proceeds to discuss or rather to pour out his views on the world's great problems to you; and when he finds you have just returned from Europe, there is something pathetic in the range and child-like eagerness of his questions: "What do they think in Europe of the possibility of war between Russia and England?" "Did you see the new French actor who came out last year?"—whose name you have not even heard—"Is the queen looking aged?"—and he draws out a little shilling guide to the year before last's picture gallery, and gives you his opinion of the little prints. While you are having your dinner of Kaffir corn and mutton he discusses the existing relation between France and Germany; and he asks your opinion on some detail connected with the last revolution in South America, of which you are obliged to confess you know nothing. He has read of it all in his papers. Twenty-five years of separation have not tended for a moment to sever the man from the life of his race, but have rather sharpened his interest; and it would sometimes seem as though the denizen of some solitary outpost of civilization is apt to take a broader and more impartial view of civilization as a whole, than he who, in some world centre of civilization such as London or Paris, is apt to get too much dust in his eyes from the life immediately about

him to be able to see far. The solitary white child, who grows up in the Mission House on the banks of the Ganges, or the planter's home in the far Indies, may discover with astonishment, when at last it finds itself in the heart of that civilization of which it has dreamed and for which it has yearned and panted, that from the old book shelf with its score of volumes read and re-read and long pored over, and from the mail-bag arriving once a month, every scrap of whose news from the great outer world was carefully stored in childish memory and long dwelt on, it had learnt most of what London or Paris had to teach it; that what it had sucked out in its solitude was the true core of civilization; that what was left for it to consume further was principally the shell, for it would not be difficult to mention half-a-dozen books in any civilized European language which, read a dozen times and pondered over, would make a man a true denizen of the nineteenth century, and enable him to reach the forefront of European life. A bee will make as sweet and as rich honey from one bunch of flowers as though you should give him a whole garden to choose from; its quality and sweetness will depend on the nature of his own little tube—but you must give him that one bunch.

It is that one bunch that has been denied to the Boer.

For to the young Boer, growing up on an African farm and speaking nothing but the "Taal," this culture in solitude was impossible. If travellers passed they might be Hollanders, Frenchmen, or Englishmen, but even their conversation was not comprehensible to him; if they left behind them book or newspaper, he could not decipher it; the most brilliant effusions of an Amsterdam writer could reach him as little as an article in the *Figaro* or the *Times*. If his mother turned out of the old wagon chest volumes brought from Holland or France by her grandmother, they could awaken no curiosity in him; they were not in the speech he used. The Dutch of Holland was as little a

means of communication between himself and the outer world as the Greek of Plato is to a modern Greek peasant. If his mother taught him his letters, he had small use to make of them; even the great family Bible was in Dutch; and fifty years ago there was not one frontier Boer in thirty who could read or write, though he generally knew certain passages of the Bible by heart and could repeat them with the book open before him.¹ Many could not even do this. If he had found himself in any great city of Holland or France he would not only have found himself alone, but an unintelligible barbarian. He never came in contact with even the smart Colonial townsman but the Boer shrank from him, and crept back to his own people, who understood his speech and whom he understood, with more and more of clinging; they were his humanity, his world, beyond them was nothing.

One is sometimes asked to define exactly what the term Boer means. There is only one scientific definition for it: it signifies a European by descent whose vernacular is the Taal, and who uses familiarly no literary European language. It does not denote race of necessity; the Boer may be French, Dutch, German, or of any other blood—one of the most widely spread Boer families is Portuguese—neither does it of any necessity denote occupation; the Boer is often a farmer and stockowner, but he may also be a hunter, trader, the president of a republic, or of any other occupation—he remains a Boer still while the Taal remains his only speech.

That the Boer himself accepts this definition, though without analysis, is clear; he will say of a man who has learned and uses habitually a literary speech, "his father *was* a Boer, and his brothers are *still* Boers," implying that he has gone from among them and is one no more; and to call a learned judge or brilliant barrister, whatever his descent, a Boer, would be, from the Colonial standpoint, not merely absurd

but insulting. There is an old fairy tale which tells how a fell enchantress once muttered a spell against a certain city, and raised up about it in a moment an invisible wall, which shut it out forever from the sight and ken of all passers-by, rendering all beyond its walls invisible to the men and women within, and the city imperceptible to those from without. Such a wall has the Taal raised about the Boer—as long as it remains standing the outer world touches him not, nor he it.

Like those minute creatures who, at a certain stage of their existence, form about themselves a hard coating, and in that condition may lie embedded in the animal tissues in which they are found for weeks, or years, without undergoing any change or growth; but who, if at any moment their cyst be ruptured start at once upon a process of rapid evolution, developing new organs and functions, and bearing soon no resemblance to the encysted creature that has been—so the Boer has lain, encysted in his Taal, knowing nothing of change or growth; yet, from the moment he breaks through it, evolution sets in rapidly; the child of the seventeenth century departs, and the child of the nineteenth century arrives—and the Boer is no more!

If it be asked whether the Taal, in making possible this survival of the seventeenth century in the Boer, has been beneficial or otherwise to South Africa; it must be replied that the question is too complex to admit of a simple answer.

If somewhere in Europe a small mediæval town had been miraculously preserved up to the present day, and were suddenly discovered in the nineteenth century, we would find much in it to condemn; its streets narrow, its houses overhanging, shutting out light and air, its drains non-existent; but over the doors of the houses we should find hand-made carving, each line of which was a work of love; we should see in the fretwork of a lamp-post quaint shapings such as no workman of to-day sends out; before the glass-stained window of the church we

¹ "I can read," said an intelligent Boer woman in our presence, "but only the first of John and the fifth of Matthew."

should stand with respect; and we should be touched by the quaint little picture above the church altar; on every side we should see the material conditions of a life narrower and slower than our own, but more peaceful, more at one with itself. Through such a spot the discerning man would walk, not recklessly, but holding the attitude habitual to the wise man—that of the learner, not the scoffer.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
CHURCH PARADE.

Ever since the first institution of a standing army the duty of providing for the spiritual wants of soldiers has theoretically if not always practically, been recognized in England. Up to the year 1796 a chaplain formed as much a part of the establishment of every regiment as any other officer. In the days of Charles II. the articles of war prescribed that daily prayers should be read to the soldiers, and in the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns chaplains were present and did good service. Towards the end of the last century, however, the chaplaincy of a regiment seems to have gradually degenerated into a sinecure. The chaplain bought his commission, received the salary, and when the performance of divine service was necessary paid a substitute to officiate in his place. Soldiers on home service were either in garrison towns where a garrison chaplain was stationed, or they were in country billets, where, as they lived in the same lodgings for months together, they came under the ministrations of the parochial clergy, so that the rudimentary public duties of a regimental chaplain were provided for in time of peace. When war, however, broke out, the laxity among chaplains showed itself very markedly. When an army was sent to Flanders in 1793, only one chaplain was present with his corps, though four or five other clergymen, employed as substitutes, accompanied the force. In 1796 a very considerable body of troops

was being prepared to proceed under Sir Ralph Abercromby to the West Indies, and no single chaplain presented himself. Probably this last circumstance brought about the abolition of regimental chaplains and the substitution of a department of staff chaplains under a chaplain-general. This, however, seems to have been organized on a very incomplete and niggardly basis, and as a result the numerous armies which took the field in the beginning of the nineteenth century had little or no provision made for their spiritual wants. Sir James Craig in April, 1805, embarked with four thousand men, accompanied by only one chaplain. A few months later Lord Cathcart embarked with fourteen thousand men, and again only one chaplain; while Sir David Baird, Sir John Moore, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and other generals had no chaplains attached to the forces which they commanded. It must, we fear, be acknowledged that the general moral tone of the corps, which were, as we know, often completed by the sweepings of the jails and the very dregs of society, although they were drilled by an iron discipline into our incomparable fighting men, was then of the lowest, and no teachings of a better life were brought to bear upon them.

It was only in 1809, by the persistent efforts of the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, that a number of chaplains were appointed, sufficient to discharge with some completeness the duties of their profession, with large detachments of troops at home and abroad. After the close of the great war epoch, however, the religious ministrations to troops came more and more into the hands of the parochial clergy, and the number of chaplains was gradually reduced. In 1829 the office of chaplain-general was abolished, and the superintendence of the department fell to the senior chaplain, whose duties could not have been very onerous, as in 1843 there were only five chaplains in commission. In 1844 the miserable inadequacy of the arrangements for the religious care and instruction of the army seems to have

been at last recognized by the authorities, and a new chaplains' department was organized, with the well-known Rev. G. R. Gleig as principal chaplain, and the office of chaplain-general was revived in his person in 1846. Since then the department has flourished and expanded to its present establishment and vigor, the only great change in it having been made by General Peel when secretary for war, who, in a true spirit of tolerance, added to its commissioned strength the proportion of Roman Catholic and Presbyterian clergymen, previously only paid for their services on a capitation grant.

Such has been roughly the history of the spiritual provision which in times past was made for the military forces of the crown. It is not for us now to criticise what was done by our forefathers in such matters, but we may recognize with gratification and thankfulness that the great impulse which religious thought and observance have received in our country during the last few decades is as much visible in the country's army as anywhere else. It may now be said with confidence that no class of Englishmen is so little, continuously and necessarily, separated from the opportunities of religious impressions as England's soldiers, none has its spiritual wellbeing more carefully provided for. In every place where there is a body of troops in quarters or in the field, provision is made that men shall not only have an opportunity of attending, but shall be made to attend, divine service. The greatest possible liberty of conscience is permitted to them, and clergymen of every form of belief are engaged by the country to minister to them particularly. There is a valuable organization of Scripture readers, themselves generally old soldiers, who are able to go in and out amongst them and approach them familiarly on the platform of their own personal experiences. Prayer-meetings, Bible-classes, missions, etc., are common events in all military stations; every man who is in need of a sympathetic and kindly word will surely get one, and no soldier will be allowed to lead

a really dissolute life without several earnest attempts being made to wean him from it.

Let us recall some reminiscences of a tolerably long military experience which bears upon religious forms and the ministers of religion in the army.

It has been said that compulsory attendance at divine service is one of the most stringent of military regulations. Although this has always been the case, the manner in which the order is now carried out is very superior to the customs of days not so very long gone by. Thirty or forty years ago few stations where troops were quartered were provided with a decent building in which service could be held, and unless there was a parish church within reach where accommodation for the soldiers could be found, the troops were usually assembled on the ordinary parade-ground, or marched to a riding-school or some similar edifice, where, as the congregation had to stand during the whole time of their attendance, the service was of the shortest description. The reading-desk was usually formed by a pyramid of two or three drums covered with a union-jack, and an energetic clergyman has been known during his sermon, forgetting that he was not in a pulpit, to startle himself and raise a titter among his hearers by emphasizing his exhortation in bringing his fist down on the topmost drum, which responded by a deep boom. Even on parades such as these, however, care was always taken that everything was done most reverently; and if respectful attention to the clergyman's words, clear enunciation of the responses, and hearty singing of the hymns, may be taken as signs of feeling, there was no lack of devotion among those present. Now, at every station where there is any number of troops quartered, there is a well-furnished chapel, or at least a chapel-school—*i.e.*, a building which is used as a school on week-days and as a chapel on Sundays, having one end containing communion-table, reading-desk, etc., permanently curtained off except on occasions of divine service. In all

these chapels and chapel-schools there is an organ or a harmonium, but at parade services the music is generally provided by a regimental band, than which nothing can produce a finer effect in the performance of sacred melodies. The bandmen and boys in training who are not required for the instrumental parts are also very useful as forming the nucleus of a choir, or, better still, in leading that congregational singing on the value of which so much stress is rightly laid.

The word parade service has been mentioned. This means the morning service, to which all corps in garrison are marched in full dress. But at all places where there is a military chaplain, there are besides what are called voluntary services, which are held in the afternoon or evening, and at which the attendance of soldiers is not compulsory. These are a great convenience and comfort to soldiers' wives and others, who, having necessary employments in the morning, have not been able to attend a parade service; and it is also remarkable what a large number of officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates are present at these voluntary services when the chaplain has fortunately been able to obtain that influence which all aim at, and many indeed succeed in gaining.

The parade services, held for the benefit of the men to whom England trusts the defence of her dearest interests—men who have to carry their lives in their hands, and are animated by the pride of long, glorious traditions—have the highest and most convincing *raison d'être*. In them the nation shows its recognition of an all-powerful supreme being, and, as it were, repeats the old chivalrous and knightly prayer, "God defend the right." They are also no small factor in maintaining discipline and a feeling of sympathy between officers and rank and file. When Sunday by Sunday men join together in the same worship, when they kneel side by side at the same communion-table, it cannot but be that they are drawn closer together in mutual trust and confidence than if their intercourse was

confined to purely temporal matters. Finally—and in this we name a fact which has been often acknowledged—young and timid lads, who not seldom have a shyness and diffidence about acknowledging a desire to pray, find a quiet opportunity when all are compelled to attend in church of making their supplications without attracting the attention of possibly thoughtless comrades.

Some years ago it used to be the custom in a good many corps, especially in cavalry regiments, to take advantage of the necessary parade for divine service to do a little drill, and to march past, etc. This custom had the merit that it saved the men from having a parade on some other day in the week. As the time of a cavalry soldier is very fully occupied by mounted drills, stables, fatigues, etc., it was an undoubted relief to avoid the necessity of a parade dismounted, demanding the sacrifice of a whole afternoon; but though much could be said in favor of the practice, in many respects it was found that doing drill on church parade was objectionable, and it has now everywhere been abandoned.

It is probable that nowhere can a more orderly and well-conducted congregation be seen than at a military divine service. If the men are not paying attention, they certainly invariably have the appearance of doing so, and it is frequently the subject of remark by clergymen who, not being in the habit of officiating before soldiers, have come to do a Sunday's duty in a garrison chapel, that they never anywhere else see such earnest and intelligent faces directed towards the pulpit. Nowhere also may more bright and hearty singing be heard. It is one of the official instructions issued by the chaplain-general that the service shall be distinctly congregational, and that all elaborate music in which the men cannot join is to be discouraged. It has been said that the bandmen who are not required to play on their instruments, and the band-boys in training, are always useful in leading the congregational singing; and if, as is gen-

erally the case, there is some one who takes an interest in the matter, it is easy to find a certain number of men in any corps who will attend a week-day practice, and, on Sunday dispersed through the chapel, support the melody. When simple and well-known hymns are selected, by far the greater number of the men present will always join in singing them, and the volume of sound much exceeds that which is to be heard in most parish churches.

We have noted that all soldiers pay outwardly the greatest attention and conduct themselves most reverently in church, and it may possibly and plausibly be brought forward in explanation that this is perhaps a matter of discipline, as the officers and non-commissioned officers would promptly repress any laxity of demeanor. But we know from personal experience and observation how real is the attention paid in most cases, how discriminating soldiers are in estimating the value of pulpit discourses, how thoroughly they appreciate those which are sensible and to the point, and how they are wearied by platitudes and feebleness. The preaching which, to use a vulgar expression, "goes down" best with soldiers is not an ornate and rhetorical sermon, but one that is clear and earnest, however plain and even halting it may be in delivery. Brilliancy of thought and oratorical power are thoroughly appreciated, but genuine earnestness and feeling have a greater effect, and soldiers are quick to detect when these last are absent. Everybody who has served in the army for any length of time can recall to his mind some preachers who had an influence upon soldiers, and some, alas! who had none. It would be easy to enumerate men whose services, both parade and voluntary, were always eagerly attended; and, not to go too far afield for illustration, we would cite the present chaplain-general, who never spoke to empty pews when, as a junior in the department, he had charge of what was irreverently called the "tin tabernacle" at Aldershot; and we could name a very salient instance when a member of a

local cathedral body supplied during three months the place of a military chaplain on sick-leave, and filled at voluntary services a previously very empty military chapel.

It may be remarked also that soldiers, possibly from professional association, prefer to see a strong man in the pulpit, one who has what may almost be called an "overbearing" manner. Of such a class was one of the most worthy and distinguished whilom servants of Church and State, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, once chaplain-general, who, having fought gallantly as a combatant officer through the Peninsular and American wars, afterwards took holy orders and devoted his great powers to the spiritual wellbeing of his old comrades and their successors. We well remember how, on one occasion in winter, when he was addressing a large dépôt, there was a great deal of coughing in chapel which disturbed the sermon. The venerable chaplain-general at once assumed the air of an officer in front of a battalion and said, "Now, my lads, I'm an old man, and if you make so much noise, I can't make myself heard. Just keep quiet." The tone of command was magical in effect, and there was not a sound heard till the very practical discourse was concluded.

Outside their barracks, many soldiers are great church-goers, and it is probable that a larger percentage of them attend places of worship in the towns where they are quartered than of any other young men of their own age in the population. In a certain cathedral town the number of soldiers attending the evening service in the cathedral was at one time always counted, and generally amounted to between one hundred and one hundred and fifty. In the other churches in the town, especially in the Wesleyan and Presbyterian chapels, there were also at the same hour always many soldiers among the worshippers, so that the total number of soldiers at an evening service outside barracks on any given Sunday was certainly not less than two hundred. The total strength of the garrison would be about eighteen hundred;

so when the numbers of men in hospital, employed in various ways, on guard or on leave to see friends at a distance, besides those who attended the garrison chapel voluntary service, were deducted, it may be realized what a large proportion went to church in the evening from choice after having attended a parade service earlier in the day.

It must not be supposed that we would claim for all soldiers a very high state of religious feeling. We would only insist that practically they are as much concerned about matters which relate to their higher interests as any other class of the community, and that religious observance, with all its vast possibility of benefit, has a very marked part in a military life. It must in all fairness be acknowledged that many men in the ranks have little sense of religion, and treat things sacred in, to say the least, a very lax way. We may quote an instance or two to show what we mean, which do not involve any great moral depravity, but are examples of feelings which are probably as common among civilians as among men wearing her Majesty's uniform. When a man is enlisted he has to give certain information about himself, and among other questions to which he has to give an answer, he is invited to declare to what religion or denomination he belongs. In all the records concerning the man the entry is then carefully made, "Church of England," "Roman Catholic," "Wesleyan," or "Presbyterian;" and it is always provided subsequently that he attends divine service with the other soldiers of the same form of faith as himself, and that he has all facilities as regards special occasions in his particular communion. If in the future a man finds that an error has been made in classing him under a form of faith not his own, or if for well-grounded reasons he wishes to change from being, say, a Wesleyan to being a member of the Church of England, he can make application to his commanding officer, who, if satisfied that the application is justified, will make the necessary alteration in

all records. But at particular stations it may accidentally be much more convenient for a private soldier to attend the divine service parade of one denomination rather than another. Possibly, if he is a Presbyterian, he may have to turn out very early, before he has had time to bolt his breakfast, and then to march a mile or two along muddy ways, to a long and somewhat tedious service; while his Church of England comrades parade much later, march to a chapel close at hand, and are dismissed to their barrack-rooms and the joys of a quiet pipe much sooner. At such a station it is remarkable how large a number of men—principally, of course, among those lately enlisted—send in applications to what is called "change their religion" from Presbyterianism to Church of England, and a commanding officer is frequently very much puzzled to know whether he should accede to these applications or not. A man's religious convictions are very delicate matters to deal with, and whatever the commanding officer may suspect about the motives of the applicants, he is very loath to refuse the request, which may be made from purely conscientious reasons. We remember a certain colonel who found himself in this predicament at a station where a large number of Church of England men one after another applied to be registered as Wesleyans. He had every reason to believe that the Wesleyan service parade was much more convenient for the men than that of the Church of England, but he got over the difficulty by saying that he would allow no man to change his religion unless the applicant produced certificates from the clergyman of the persuasion which he wanted to leave and of that which he wanted to join, saying that they had discussed his religious scruples with him and were each satisfied that he was acting from conviction. No further applications were then made to change religion.

A story is told of a private soldier who applied to change from Church of England to Wesleyan, and on being asked for his reasons, said that he "objected

to the forms." His commanding officer naturally understood that the man meant the forms in which the service was conducted, and asked what forms he principally objected to. It then came out that the forms of worship were not in any way distasteful, but that the man disliked the Sunday fatigue duty which fell upon all Church of England soldiers, of carrying the barrack-room forms into the building temporarily used for service, and then carrying them back again when they had done their duty as pews.

Again, at a large Indian station several men were from time to time on a certain day in each recurring week late for watch-setting roll-call, and were in consequence brought to the orderly-room next day to answer for the irregularity. The excuse was given that they were in the habit of attending a weekly meeting of a certain Christian body, and that this meeting was sometimes accidentally late in breaking up. The colonel asked what were the characteristics of the meeting, and the reply of one of the culprits was, "Tea and hymns, sir." The stern old regimental sergeant-major, who was standing by at strict attention, could not help muttering in a sufficiently audible voice, "Tea and hymns indeed! Much more likely tea and hers." The ladies of the congregation no doubt had done much to add attraction to the religious meetings in question, and special consideration was not unnaturally extended to the absentees from roll-call.

Of all occasions of divine service for troops none appears to us more conducive to deep and sincere feeling than that on board a transport at sea, on the way either to a prolonged term of foreign service or to the stern duties of a campaign. The thought of the home country which has been quitted, the isolation on the wide waste of waters, and the certainty that some at least will make no return voyage, cannot fail to affect in some degree even the most thoughtless. We well remember how impressive and touching was the service held years ago on board a ship hurrying from England under all steam

with troops which were about to take part in one of our small wars. The whole of a very distinguished Highland regiment was on board, and besides it, a general with twenty or thirty other officers were passengers. The Highlanders were of course almost all Presbyterians, and a Presbyterian minister was accompanying them to the field. The service was therefore conducted according to the form of the Established Church of Scotland, and the strains of the Old Hundredth rose from the crowded deck, stirring up memories of the dearly-loved native land which some were destined never again to see. The eyes of many stalwart lads were dim,—eyes that a few days later looked death steadily and defiantly in the face. As it happened, the general and by far the greater number of the officers on board were Scotsmen, and under the circumstances no other service could have appealed to each one personally with greater force. The minister was a singularly earnest and eloquent preacher whose every word went home. In his closing prayer he spoke for all imploring the Almighty and All-merciful to shield his hearers where they were going, and to give them strength to do their duty. He spoke of that Scotland which would watch their steps, and prayed that they might be worthy of their land by acting as Christian men in an uncivilized and savage country. He prayed for friends and relatives in distant parishes in glen and lowland, and that all those present might return in safety to enjoy the blessings of peace. When he had finished there was an involuntary pause of silence, only broken by the steady clank and throb of the engines and the swish of the waves as the great ship ploughed on its course. At last the quick, sharp word of command came from the colonel which sent the battalion tramping to its quarters forward, while the officers gathered in groups on the quarter-deck, all making remarks on the service in which they had just taken part. A very gallant and distinguished officer, one of the few Englishmen on board, could not

help adding, however, "Yes; but confound the parson! Does he think that no one has a soul to be saved but a Scotsman?" It perhaps had not before occurred either to the minister or most of his congregation that the service had had so specifically Scottish a character.

In mentioning a Highland regiment, we cannot help remarking the deep and special religious tone distinguishing, in the old days at any rate before they had lost their distinctively national character, so many men in the kilted corps which have done so much for the honor of their native land. The pious lessons taught in many a humble home, where the "Book" was reverently produced morning and evening, bore fruit in after life in the reckless laddie who "went for a soldier." Nowhere have we seen this tone better or more clearly illustrated than in the very powerful and interesting "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny," by William Forbes Mitchell, late sergeant 93d Sutherland Highlanders. There, talking of his regiment, the author says:—

They were a military Highland parish, ministers and elders complete. The elders were selected from among the men of all ranks—two sergeants, two corporals, and two privates; and I believe it was the only regiment in the army which had a regular service of communion plate; and in time of peace the Holy Communion according to the Church of Scotland was administered by the regimental chaplain twice a year. I hope the young second battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders are like the old 93d in this respect.¹

Could any more satisfactory state of things be imagined, in a religious, a national, or a military point of view, than the case of this grand enrolled Highland parish?

That the duties of religion in the queen's army are no outside matters,

¹ We understand that in the present second battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders the old parish constitution is, very regretably, no longer maintained. The old communion plate is, however, carefully preserved in the Sergeants' Mess as a memento of regimental customs now unfortunately disused.

but a real and integral phase of military life, is proved by the active part which all ranks take in public worship. We have seen that regimental bands furnish sacred music, and that men and boys sing psalm and hymn with heartiest strain; but it may be new to many people to know that in a great number of chapels, and at many parade and voluntary services, generals and other officers relieve the chaplains by reading the lessons for the day, thus very markedly and solemnly identifying themselves with the service of God, and giving all the weight of their position to the maintenance of due reverence and attention. *Contretemps* have, however, been known to occur to officers who, with the best will in the world, have found themselves in the unaccustomed position of standing before a lectern, and it has not always been easy for them to modulate their voices so as to fill the building and no more or less. We call to mind, too, the discomfiture of a commanding officer, who, having read, as he believed, the proper lessons, was "given away" innocently by the chaplain. A very striking text was given out for the sermon, "to be found in the first lesson of this morning's service." As all the congregation who had paid any attention at all could not fail to remark that that text had not previously been read to them, there was some subsequent chaff about the colonel's failure to find the lessons according to the prayer-book's directions. A somewhat similar awkwardness was also experienced by a friend of the writer, whose duty it was to read the service on one Christmas day during a campaign in a distant land, when, having begun the morning prayer, it suddenly occurred to him that he had not looked out the proper psalms for the day. He nudged his subaltern and asked him what they were. "Don't know," was the reply. "Look in the beginning of the prayer-book." The service went on, and a despairing whisper came, "I can't find them anywhere." There was a long pause, much consultation, and prolonged turning over of leaves before the two officers

could solve the difficulty satisfactorily.

Many situations occur in the course of military life in which the services of an ordained clergyman are not available, and it then becomes the duty of the officer in command to provide that some form of service is held. On detachment, on the line of march, in the field before the enemy, the prayers of the Church of England are always read, and never are they more devoutly followed than in such circumstances. Nothing, for example, can be more touching than the unarrayed funeral when a comrade who has died of disease or has fallen in action is laid in his last resting-place by the sorrowing care of those with whom he has served. "Few and short" may be the prayers that are said but they are breathed with the deepest feeling by those who know that their own end also may soon be approaching.

It is somewhat remarkable that while there are special prayers in our Liturgy for the use of the royal navy, to be said daily and before a fight at sea, there is no similar provision made for the army. This is accounted for by Mr. Clode, who says that "the prayers for the use of the navy were inserted at the last revision of the Liturgy; and, looking at the feeling of all classes of the people towards the army at that period (1662), it need not be a matter of surprise that the clergy did not see fit to recognize the military forces of the crown as 'the chief visible strength' of the kingdom." Our army can never be of the same importance to the nation as the royal navy, but it fills to-day a sufficiently large place in England's esteem to entitle it to have the old intentional oversight rectified. The German army, complete in this matter as in all others, is provided with a special soldiers' prayer-book containing suitable forms of words for all emergencies. Why should not something similar be compiled for this country's land-forces, so that when vague thoughts of supplication rise to a man's mind in positions of peril or anxiety, he may have words in which

to express them in company and in sympathy with his comrades? Brave old Sir Jacob Astley no doubt gave apt voice to the feelings of many of his infantry when he fell on his knees before the battle of Edge Hill and said, "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me." The old Dessauer's prayer before the battle of Kesselsdorf was even more expressive. As Carlyle tells, "He reverently doffs his hat, as had always been his wont, in prayer to God, before going in. A grim fervor of prayer is in his heart, doubtless, though the words as reported are not very regular or orthodox: '*Oh Herr Gott, help me yet this once; let me not be disgraced in my old days! Or if thou wilt not help me, don't help these Hundsvögte*'" (damned scoundrels, so to speak), "'but leave us to try it ourselves!'"

No ministers of God have anywhere a nobler, wider, or more interesting field of usefulness than the chaplains of the British army. It is admirably defined in an "Address to the Chaplains of the Army" by the present chaplain-general, Dr. Edghill:—

The system of short service causes a rapid interchange between the civil and military members of our Church. Men come into the army and are trained, and after a few years return to their homes, carrying with them the good and evil which have been sown or developed while they have been under our care. These men generally have been but little touched by the Church or brought in contact with her ministers; hence the army is one of the grandest fields for home mission work. If we can influence these men for good, so that they return to civil life with "new thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven," prepared to take their place as citizens and churchmen with greater knowledge and deeper conscientiousness, we shall have done good work for the Church and commonwealth. Among such men, in such surroundings, our duty lies. It is a position of no common difficulty. The work is peculiar; it has its special dangers, its special requisites; it is one long continued mission, for men are ever coming and going, so that we have continually to begin afresh; it is a succession of new

starts needing no ordinary powers of body and mind.

Responsible and difficult as the position of an army chaplain may be, however, in many ways it has numerous features which render it a field of work particularly desirable for an energetic and enthusiastic man. The chaplain has, as it were, his parish in a ring-fence, and he has every possible facility afforded to him for doing his duty in the completest way. Church, hospital, school, married quarters, are all generally within a very short distance of each other, and no time need be wasted in moving from place to place. Wherever he goes, he has the prestige of her Majesty's commission, which ensures him a respectful hearing, a strong foundation for personal influence, and paves the way for any special exertion which he may wish to make. The men and, for the most part, the women with whom he has to deal are above the general average in intelligence, and have had that intelligence strengthened by the circumstances of their lives, which have shown them many lands and many varying conditions of existence. The chaplain will generally have much to do with any military philanthropic and charitable institutions in his station, and in looking after them he will never be cramped for means, for the officers are at any rate open-handed and ready to assist in any good work. In his duties among women and children, in mothers' meetings, needlework associations, Sunday-schools, etc., he will always easily secure many willing helpers among the officers' families, and in every corps he will find existing organizations for the benefit of those dependent upon it, which should be to him of the greatest assistance.

So much for what may be called parochial work; and what can be said in too high terms of his opportunities in the pulpit? The chaplain is never condemned to preach to a sparse or dull congregation. He has always as a stimulant the electric power of a crowd of men all in the prime of life and the vigor of intelligence. If he has any message to give, if he himself feels

deeply and earnestly the truths which he has to teach, he will surely reach the hearts of some, perhaps of many, among his hearers. And what influences he has at his disposal besides those which are given to every preacher! He is speaking to men all belonging to one profession, all more or less moved by the same feelings, all bound together by comradeship and mutual confidence, all the inheritors of great, glorious traditions of duty accomplished, of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice. How can he fail to be inspired himself, and, being so, to inspire others? And a chaplain, if he is a man who knows men, may not infrequently be able to make himself a most valuable factor in maintaining soldierly feeling and discipline among the hot-blooded and impatient lads with whom he is brought in contact, by putting their duties before them in a higher ground than the Mutiny Act and the Queen's Regulations. He knows, or ought to know, something of the many circumstances, often unavoidable, which cause irritation and ill-blood in a soldier's life, and, without interfering or going beyond his proper sphere, can give a word of advice or warning which may save much unpleasantness and friction. We could name one instance, at any rate, in which a chaplain, knowing from private sources that a certain amount of grave discontent existed in a particular corps,—discontent that might have culminated in deplorable breaches of discipline,—took occasion to speak in such a manner from the pulpit as to soothe and repress dissatisfaction and threatened insubordination; and this he had the singular tact to accomplish without allowing it to be detected that he had a special reason for the gist of his sermon. It is only fair to say, however, that such an exhibition of power for good could be expected from few men, nor is it desirable that attempts of the kind should often be made. The chaplain whose words had so good an effect in the case to which we refer was a man of peculiar qualifications, long experience, predominant influence, and most marked discretion.

We have glanced most superficially at the position, work, difficulties, and opportunities of an army chaplain in time of peace. There is something yet to be said of what chaplains have done and may do in time of war. Though, of course, the place of chaplains attached to an army in the field is generally removed from the fighting line, in fulfilling the duties and performing the ministrations of their office, they are not infrequently called upon to show their manhood in the extremest perils and the most critical situations of war; and whenever this has happened, they have ever borne themselves with the highest honor, and have set an example of courage, coolness, and self-devotion worthy of their sacred profession. The records in the Official Army List tell how many of them have been called upon to go on active service, and of these how many have been honorably mentioned in despatches.

And here let us recall the story of a seventeenth-century chaplain, which is recorded for us by the great Sir Walter. It savors perhaps more of the fighting spirit shown in a ruder age by the vallant bishops and abbots, who fell with all of Scotland's noblest in the "grim and ghastly wall" circling a loved king at Flodden, than of the meeker and more sedate characteristics looked for in modern clergymen. But its hero was Adam Fergusson, afterwards professor of history in the University of Edinburgh, and author of a once popular history of the Roman Republic. In his youth he was chaplain of the Black Watch, and with it was present at Fontenoy. When the regiment was advancing into action, Sir Robert Munro, the colonel, noticed his chaplain at the head of the column with a drawn broadsword in his hand, and ordered him to the rear with the doctors. Fergusson refused, and when the colonel, in the altercation which ensued, threatened to have his commission cancelled, replied, "D—n my commission." Then charging at the head of his flock, he fought like a gallant Scotsman during the bloody fray. We doubt

not that the stout Munro forgave his insubordination for the sake of his valorous example, and that the stern old Presbyterians in the ranks would appreciate his subsequent ministrations none the less that they had seen him in time of trial play the man in their midst.

Who that served in Afghanistan can fail to remember one who was loved and revered by all ranks, "Parson Adams," gentlest and bravest of men? In the annals of heroes who have gained the plain bronze cross "for valor" no record is more thrilling than that which tells how the unarmed chaplain (for he never would carry arms of any sort, as he did not think that doing so became his profession) gave up his own horse to a wounded and dismounted soldier, whom he had snatched from the Afghan knives thirsting for blood, and made his own way to safety on foot as best he could. The service of the queen is the poorer that the Rev. J. W. Adams has left the army; but he carries with him into a quieter sphere of duty the affectionate remembrance of many old comrades, whom he has comforted by his words and inspirited by his example.

Of the small and noble band of Englishmen who stood steadfastly behind the feeble fortifications at Rorke's Drift, and by their gallant conduct threw a gleam of hope and confidence over South Africa at a time of grave disaster, none more distinguished himself than the Rev. George Smith. A missionary chaplain in Natal, he had been temporarily attached to the army for the period of the campaign, and was posted at the base hospital. During the whole of the long and fierce Zulu attack, right gallantly he played his part in tending the sick, giving aid to the wounded, and comforting the dying. No one had a greater share of danger than he, and no one showed a more soldierly example of treating that danger with calm indifference. Not only did he perform the duties of his office, but, as every man who could handle a rifle was sorely needed to defend the parapet, Mr. Smith did essential service by going round the various posts and

distributing reserve cartridges. He will, we trust, pardon us if we repeat here a story which went round the army of South Africa, bearing on the warrior spirit of his professional conduct on the occasion. One of the men, in the heat and excitement of battle, was cursing his enemies and using the most profane language. The chaplain, coming behind, heard his words and said, "You should not speak like that, my friend. Don't curse them," then, shoving a packet of cartridges into his hand. "Shoot them, shot them!" Among the rewards given for the action at Rorke's Drift, Mr. Smith was appointed a military chaplain, and British soldiers can never hope to have with them in time of trial stancher or better men than he. He is still in the army, and since the colonial war which led to his first commission he has served through three campaigns in Egypt, receiving honorable mention in despatches for his conduct.

At the fatal field of Laing's Nek, where Sir George Colley's force suffered such heavy losses, that most unfortunate general was for some time in want of a staff-officer to carry his orders. The Rev. Mr. Ritchie happened to be present mounted, and volunteered for the dangerous duty, braving the deadly Boer rifles and riding through the heart of the combat with the collected coolness of a gallant soldier. Alas! he never really recovered from the strain of African service, and died in an English garrison some years ago.

Nor have chaplains only distinguished themselves where bullets are flying, where the hot affray stirs the pulse, and the observation of admiring comrades may have its effect in stimulating to acts of daring. Far more often they face death in the close wards of a pest-stricken hospital, in a silence only broken by the groan of agony, or the spasmodic rattle in the throat of the dying. There, where, as he enters, the heart of the strong man waxes faint, and the flapping of Death's wings may almost be heard by the strained ear of the watcher, is the chaplain's true field of glory; there will he gather laurels

which no earthly eye may see on his brow, and gain such victories as will be saluted by the blast of no earthly trumpet. There his voice gives courage to the trembling soul passing down to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. There it is his privilege to say those words which even at the close of the eleventh hour, may bring a man to his Master. Those who know our army chaplains in peace and war, know well how forward they are in undertaking these hospital duties, and how freely they place themselves in the midst of the most virulent disease, if only they may soothe, console, encourage the sufferers, whose very touch is almost certain infection.

The chaplains of all denominations have at all times thus signalized themselves wherever the British flag has been unfurled, but old Crimean officers still especially remember with the deepest admiration the self-devotion of Father Strickland, who was serving with our army as Roman Catholic chaplain, and, when he heard that in the French hospitals an epidemic of deadly fever was raging, threw up his appointment in order to betake himself to the scene where was the greatest need of his ministrations. No cooler act of heroism was ever performed, and when he himself was, as he had surely foreseen, swept away by the fever, he might claim in the fullest sense to have died as an English officer and a Christian gentleman with his face to the foe.

With such a field as is open for the exercise of the highest qualities to chaplains in the army, can we wonder that many of the most able and earnest men who take orders seek eagerly for commissions? We believe that the chaplain-general holds in his hand more applications from the most desirable men than can possibly be satisfied. That those who are now in the army have justified the selection which has placed them in their positions of labor and trust, is amply proved not only by the general consensus of official reports and private opinion, but by the mute testimony of the great and holy work which they have done and are doing.

From The New Review.
ON AN OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S
BOOK.

BY F. ANSTEY.

(THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY; OR,
THE CHILD'S MANUAL.)

It is probable enough that this book, although the first part of it was published so long ago as 1818, will be familiar to many who read this article, and even to some who may not have to go back very far to recall their childhood. For it has enjoyed a wide popularity with several generations of child-readers, and as a new edition of it was published so recently at 1889, may still retain a certain vogue at the present day. The purpose of the author, Mrs. Sherwood, as expressed upon the title-page, was "to show the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education," and the whole tone is highly moral and religious, each chapter being so constructed as to lead up inevitably to a prayer and a hymn—which I fear readers have too generally adopted the unprincipled habit of skipping. But in many ways it is a curious and remarkable book, and I doubt whether, with all its didactic piety, the most secular-minded child can ever have found it dull.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, their three children, and two servants, John and Betty. They lived in the country, and it does not appear that Mr. Fairchild had any particular occupation, except being oppressively good. His means were modest, his tastes simple, his chief recreation was to sit on a hill under some chestnut-trees, "and read his Bible alone, with nothing to disturb him;" for (and here we note one of the advantages of being truly virtuous) "the singing of the little birds in the trees was no disturbance to him." When he took his children for a walk, he never omitted an opportunity of giving a religious turn to the conversation; should they come upon a lamb, they were instantly bidden to remember of whom it was a type, and the appearance of a wood-pigeon provoked an inevitable allusion to the Third Person in the Trinity. In short,

Mr. Fairchild's discourse invariably consisted of what irreverent youths would describe as "pi-jaw;" he was a kind of married Mr. Barlow, without his fund of general information—indeed, I suspect that Mr. Fairchild would have considered Master Harry and Tommy's tutor as rather worldly, and culpably remiss in not sufficiently impressing upon his pupils the corruption and depravity of their own hearts.

Mr. Fairchild, as he is presented to us in the First Part, seldom or never smiles; a joke would have afforded him exquisite suffering, had there been any neighbors capable of such an outrage upon his feelings, which, fortunately for all concerned, there were not. He would certainly have capped any attempt at levity with a suitable text. On one occasion only would he seem to possess any degree of earthly weakness, and that was when they were making a sort of saintly picnic, and amongst the dainties which the children spread out on the cloth, was "a bottle of beer for their papa." But it was probably ginger-beer, or some even less alcoholic beverage; and, however this be, we are not informed that he drank all or any of it.

Mrs. Fairchild was as solemn and instructive as her husband, though (in a strictly modified sense, of course) she was a lady with a past. There had been a time, as she informed her children, when "if she could but escape punishment, she did not care what naughty things she did." In these unregenerate days, she would pinch Shock, her aunt's lap-dog, or pull his tail (but surely an aunt's lap-dog is *hostis humani generis* and fair game!), and she also "used the cat ill." When she smashed a blue china plate, she caught the unfortunate cat and shut it up in a room with the fragments, in order that suspicion should fall upon the innocent, and she was callous enough to be "glad when puss was beaten instead of me." She was also addicted to stealing sugar and sweetmeats, and—which is even more reprehensible—was "fond of going into the kitchen, sitting on the coachman's

knee, and eating toasted cheese and bread soaked in ale." Her object in making these confessions was to prove that all children's hearts are naturally corrupt; but, judging by subsequent events, her early indiscretions would appear to have been regarded by her offspring rather as precedents than as warnings.

It is pleasing to find that both Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild had a becoming reverence for superior rank and station. Some worldly neighbors, "Sir Charles Noble and his lady," who "were very proud and their children were not brought up in the fear of God," used to invite the Fairchilds twice a year to come with their children and spend the day, an invitation which was as regularly accepted, because, as Mrs. Fairchild very properly remarked on one such occasion, "As Sir Charles Noble has been so kind as to ask us, we must not offend him by refusing to go." When they went, "Lady Noble did not take much notice of Mrs. Fairchild when she came in, although she ordered a servant to set a chair for her." After tea, "several tables were set out, and the ladies and gentlemen began to make parties for playing at cards;" but "as Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild never played at cards, they asked for their coach," and Mr. Fairchild, "when he was got into the coach with his wife and children," said: "Well, my dear, I am very glad this day is over, and that we are going back to our own comfortable home, where we can serve God in peace." To which Mrs. Fairchild replied, "Alas! I am sorry for Lady Noble; she loves the world too well, and all its fine things."

There is a refreshing touch of nature in this, and also in the statement that, on Sundays, "at dinner, Mr. Fairchild would not allow his family to talk about any of the business of the week-day, *nor even to talk of their neighbors.*" But they "found enough pleasant discourse in speaking of what they had heard in the church, or of what had happened in the school; which of the children were improved, and who said the Catechism best, and who got re-

wards, and such things," so that the restriction was less felt.

If, as we have already seen, good Mrs. Fairchild was by no means blind to her hostess's little failings, she had quite as keen an eye (on week-days) for those of her guests. One day an unregenerate family of the name of Crosbie came to dine with them, though not to sleep, "for Mr. Crosbie was in haste to be at home, and would not stay, although Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild begged that they would, at least till the next day." But, unaccountable as it seems, the Crosbies preferred sleeping at "the next inn upon the London road," and as soon as they were gone, Mrs. Fairchild summed up their respective peculiarities with admirable candor for the benefit of her two little girls. "Every individual of our friend Mr. Crosbie's family has a very strong besetting sin," she observed with judicial impartiality. "Mr. Crosbie loves eating, Mrs. Crosbie is ill-tempered, Miss Crosbie is vain and fond of finery, and Miss Betsy is very pert and forward." Not unnaturally, perhaps, the little girls felt encouraged to follow their mamma's lead by comments of their own, but were pulled up sharply by a reminder that "I do not speak of our poor friends' faults out of malice, or for the sake of making a mockery of them, but to show you how people may live in the constant practice of one particular sin, without being at all conscious of it, and perhaps thinking themselves very good all the time."

Which, when one comes to reflect, is the sole reason why we ever do speak of "our poor friends' faults" behind their backs, after entertaining them at the festive board! One would have liked to hear what these poor Crosbies said about the Fairchilds on their way home. But this we are not told; either because their private opinions were considered too uncharitable for publication, or else, it may be, because they were so sinful and worldly that it never even occurred to them to be censorious.

The children were: Lucy, aged nine; Emily, about seven or eight; and Henry, five and a half, at the time the story opens; and, as might be expected, they

were all three prodigies of precocious piety. All three could—and did—repeat from memory long passages of Scripture on the slightest encouragement, and frequently with none at all. "Papa," says Henry once, during a lesson on the use of the globe (whereon the children's chief anxiety is to discover the exact site of the Garden of Eden), "I can repeat the verses in Genesis about Paradise." Which he incontinently proceeds to do. "Papa," pleads Lucy, "may we say some verses about mankind having bad hearts?" and this innocent gratification is of course permitted them. "Oh," says Emily, during another geographical lesson, "and I know what the children of Noah did in the plains of Shinar!" whereupon she proves her knowledge by quoting Genesis xi. 1-9, with singular accuracy. "Papa," she asks later, "is not this verse made about the Heathen?" and need it be said that she is perfectly correct in her assumption? Lucy said: "Papa, I fear from what you say, that there are very few real, true Christians," and Henry expressed a fear on another occasion that his aunts were not gone to Heaven. "Oh, papa, what pretty verses!" exclaims Lucy again, on hearing a long quotation from Hebrews xi. 4-6, 32-40; and she asks her mamma if she knows any prayer against besetting sins—an emergency for which Mrs. Fairchild was fortunately prepared.

Little Henry entrusted John the servant with a penny to invest for him at the Fair in a story-book, and, separating two uncut leaves at the end of the book, was boyishly delighted to discover—imagine what!—"a very pretty prayer against covetousness and a hymn." When he heard that the name of Lucy's book was "The History of the Good Child, Who by God's Blessing Turned his Father and Mother to Christ," "Oh, that must be very pretty!" said Henry; one fancies, with a sigh of regret that circumstances had denied him similar opportunities.

On Sunday, when arrived at the mature age of six, he went to the boys' school, where he had "six little boys to

hear," and "generally contrived to be two hours at school before it was time to go to church." Henry "walked by his little boys and sat with them at church, to find their places in their Psalters and to see that they behaved well; and Emily and Lucy kept by their little girls for the same purpose." And after church, "Henry in particular had a little favorite shady path in the copse, where scarcely any person ever came excepting two old women, and there you might see him walking up and down, praying or singing his hymns till he was called to dinner." His favorite companion was little Charles Trueman, "one of the most pious little boys in all that country"—who died young.

Now, one might have supposed that children endowed with such preternaturally good dispositions as the above extracts denote, would have risen superior to the ordinary failings of infancy, and that their faults would be as rare as insipid, but—and in this appears the author's knowledge of human nature, and here perhaps is a partial explanation of the undeniable charm of the book—Lucy, Emily, and Henry, the moment they are out of range of the parental eye, get into mischief with delightful frequency and *verve*. There is a natural fascination, not confined perhaps to the ungodly, in hearing of the wickedness of others, and when this is enhanced by the abnormal goodness of the sinners on ordinary occasions, the tale gains additional piquancy. Here is the Fairchild children's record for a single day. Being left to their own devices, they began by staying in bed late: "Emily made babies of the pillows, and Lucy pulled off the sheets and tied them round her in imitation of Lady Noble's long-trained gown." They came down to breakfast "without saying their prayers"—this provokes the suspicion that their delight in such exercises was not altogether spontaneous—and without "washing themselves, combing their hair, making their bed, or doing any one thing they ought to have done"—which was human of them. At breakfast they overate themselves with

buttered toast, and "had eaten so much that they could not learn with any pleasure," and "began quarrelling, and would soon, I fear, have gone on still further, if Henry had not spied a little pig in the garden." So they all turned out to expel the little pig, and chased it down a lane and through a spring, until they were "up to their knees in mud and dirt." The pig apparently got away, and they ran on till they came to the house of a farmer and his wife, whose names were Freeman, and who "were not people who lived in the fear of God, neither did they bring up their children well; on which account Mr. Fairchild had often forbidden Lucy and Emily and Henry to go to their house." However, Mrs. Freeman asked them to come in and dry themselves, which they did, and "gave them each a large piece of cake and something sweet to drink, which she said would do them good." But it turned out to be cider and did not do them good, for "as they were never used to drink anything but water, it made them quite drunk for a little while." Then, with red faces and severe headaches, they met John, when Lucy, "blushing, said, 'We have been only playing in the lane. We have been nowhere else.'" Which, as Mrs. Sherwood justly observes, "was a sad lie—but one fault always leads to another." After this they resolve to be good for the remainder of the day, and disobey their papa once more by swinging in the barn against his express order. Emily falls out of the swing, and "her nose and one eye and her lip were terribly swelled, and two of her teeth were out."

So Emily finishes the evening in a little chair by the kitchen fire, and Lucy and Henry tied to the kitchen table with John's blue pocket-handkerchief, "trembling from head to foot." Small wonder that on their return their excellent parents "were very much shocked and looked very grave indeed," for it would have been a fairly full day for much less exemplary children, with no instinctive appreciation of a "pretty prayer," nor deep sense of the corruption of their own hearts.

Henry stole an apple from a tree, and lied like a little trooper afterwards, which, quite naturally, did not prevent him from being shocked and horrified when little Miss Augusta, Lady Noble's disobedient daughter, stole two apples from her governess's workbag, and shamelessly denied her guilt. Indeed, Henry would have denounced the culprit then and there, had not Lucy (who was, it must be admitted, like her sister, not given to tell tales) "put her hand upon his mouth." Then Emily, carrying a jar of preserved "damascenes" (which I take to be the equivalent to damsons) to the store-closet, "perceived that it was tied down so loosely that she could put in her finger and get at the fruit." Accordingly, on that and many subsequent occasions, she did put in her finger, and, like a famous nursery character, pulled out a plum; with the difference that, owing to the excellent training she had received, her remark was practically, "What a *bad* girl am I!" Witness her soliloquy: "There is nobody in this room," she said, "and nobody sees me, it is true; but God is in this room; he sees me; his eye is now upon me; I cannot hide what I am going to do from him; he knows everything and he has power to cast me into hell. I will not take any more damascenes; I will go back, I think. But yet, as I am come so far, and am just got to the closet, I will just take one damascene—it shall be the last; I will never come here again without mamma's leave."

I am not at all attempting to hold this soliloquy up to ridicule; on the contrary, it seems to me quite admirable, absolutely true to nature, whether childish or adult. Which of us cannot remember making very similar resolutions, with about as much success, more than once in our lives? What I think must strike many readers, young or old, is the circumstance that all this exceptionally careful upbringing, this constant sense of being under the Divine observation, and this conviction of innate depravity should have proved so unavailing. Personally, though I accept it as by no means contrary to ordinary human experience, I am less sure than Mrs. Sher-

wood appears to have been that the incident is "calculated to show the Importance and Effects of a Religious Education" in her peculiar sense of the term.

Returning to Emily; of course she *did* take several more damascenes—in fact, she and the remaining pots of preserves were only saved from utter destruction by the merest accident; she spilt some red juice on her frock, and wetted it in trying, like Lady Macbeth or Mrs. Bluebeard, to wash out the tell-tale stains, accounting for her delay by the explanation that she had been "playing with the cat." And the wetting produced a chill, which resulted in a fever that all but cost her her life. And when she was out of danger, she said: "His eye was upon me all the time, and he made me feel his anger. And yet how good, how very good it was of him not to send me to hell for my wickedness! When I was ill, I might have died; and Oh! mamma, mamma! what would have become of me then?" It is not surprising that Mrs. Fairchild "cried very much when she heard her little girl talk in this way;" but it is quite clear that she herself had no doubt whatever that "the great and dreadful God" to whom she taught her daughter to pray had only refrained by some extraordinary clemency from casting a child of seven into "hell, the place which burns forever with fire and brimstone," to be "tormented forever and ever with the devil and his angels" for stealing some preserved damsons.

As for Mr. Fairchild, he carried his ideas of example and warning to an extreme which it is almost incredible that any parent in this or any other century could have thought necessary, as will appear from the following instance. One day Lucy, Emily, and Henry fell out about a doll, and it is painful to learn that "Lucy bit Emily's arm, and Emily scratched her sister's face," while each declared she hated the other. They were surprised in the interchange of these amenities by Mr. Fairchild, who, "taking a rod out of the cupboard, whipped the hands of all three children until they smarted

again," repeating during the process certain not unfamiliar verses by the Reverend Doctor Watts. "After which he made them stand in a corner of the room, without their breakfasts; neither did they get anything to eat all the morning; and what was worse, their papa and mamma looked very gravely at them."

So far, perhaps, the correction will not be thought excessive under the circumstances, but what followed is so extraordinary an illustration of parental firmness that it can only be done justice by quotation in full:—

Then Mr. Fairchild kissed his children and forgave them; and they kissed each other; and Mr. Fairchild gave them leave to dine with him as usual. After dinner, Mr. Fairchild said to his wife:—

"I will take the children this evening to Blackwood, and show them something there which, I think, they will remember as long as they live; and I hope they will take warning from it and pray more earnestly for new hearts, that they may love each other with perfect and heavenly love."

"If you are going to Blackwood," said Mrs. Fairchild, "I cannot go with you, my dear, though I approve of your taking the children. Let John go with you to carry Henry part of the way, for it is too far for him to walk."

"What is there at Blackwood, papa?" cried the children.

"Something very shocking," said Mrs. Fairchild.

"There is one there," said Mr. Fairchild, looking very grave, "who hated his brother."

"Will he hurt us, papa?" asked Henry.

"No," said Mr. Fairchild, "he cannot hurt you now."

When the children and John were ready, Mr. Fairchild set out. They went down the lane nearly as far as the village; and then, crossing over a long field, they came to the side of a very thick wood.

"This is Blackwood," said Mr. Fairchild, getting over the stile; "the pathway is almost grown up; nobody likes to come here now."

"What is here, papa?" asked the children; "is it very shocking? We are afraid to go on."

"There is nothing here that will hurt you, my dear children," said Mr. Fairchild. "Am I not with you; and do you

think I would lead my children into danger?"

"No, papa," said the children; "but mamma said there was something very dreadful in this wood."

Then Lucy and Emily drew behind Mr. Fairchild, and walked close together; and little Henry asked John to carry him. The wood was very thick and dark; and they walked on for half a mile, going down hill all the way. At last they saw by the light through the trees that they were come near to the end of the wood; and as they went further on they saw an old garden wall; some parts of which being broken down, they could see, beyond, a large brick house, which, from the fashion of it, seemed as if it might have stood there some hundred years and now was fallen to ruin. The garden was overgrown with grass and weeds, the fruit trees wanted pruning, and it could now hardly be seen where the walks had been. One of the old chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the roof of the house in one or two places; and the glass windows were broken near the place where the garden wall had fallen. Just between that and the wood stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in chains: it had not yet fallen to pieces, although it had hung there some years. The body had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire; but the face of the corpse was so shocking, that the children could not look upon it.

As a piece of descriptive writing, this is a passage of which any author might be proud. It has a simplicity, a ghastly vividness, and an unobtrusive art in leading gradually up to the supreme horror which make it wonderfully powerful and effective. We see the hideous thing swinging there by the gloomy wood and ruined house, and the poor shrinking children coming suddenly upon it. But the horror is not yet wrought up to its highest point.

"Oh, papa, papa! What is that?" cried the children.

"That is a gibbet," said Mr. Fairchild; "and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer; one who first hated, and afterwards killed his brother!" . . .

While Mr. Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung.

"Oh, let us go, papa!" said the children, pulling Mr. Fairchild's coat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Fairchild; "I must tell you the history of that wretched man before we go from this place." So saying, he sat down on the stump of an old tree, and the children gathered close round him.

It was the history of two boys, called Roger and James, and foolishly indulged by a widowed mother, who allowed no one to punish them. They quarrelled as boys, and hated each other as young men. At last Roger stabbed James with a case-knife, near the spot where the gibbet was erected. When Mr. Fairchild concluded:—

"Oh, what a shocking story!" said the children; "and that poor wretch who hangs there is Roger, who hated his brother? Pray, let us go, papa."

"We will go immediately," said Mr. Fairchild; "but I wish first to point out to you, my dear children, that these brothers when they first began to quarrel in their play, as you did this morning, did not think that death and hell would be the end of their quarrels. Our hearts by nature, my dear children," continued Mr. Fairchild, "are full of hatred" . . .

"Papa," said Lucy, "let us kneel down in this place and pray for new hearts."

"Willingly, my child," said Mr. Fairchild. So he knelt upon the grass, and his children round him, and they afterwards all went home.

Conceive the state of mind that could devise such a horrible and nerve-shaking "object-lesson" as a judicious warning to three children (all under ten years of age, and the youngest only six), because, like all brothers and sisters who ever existed, they had lost their poor little tempers, and pummelled and bitten and scratched each other! As for the painful effect of such an incident upon the children who may read it, I cannot say that I know of any who were seriously affected by it; and indeed I fancy this particular scene was rather a favorite than otherwise. Most children like to read or hear of horrors, even at the price of the inevitable nightmare. Whether the horrors are good for them is another question, but it may, perhaps, be conceded that,

save in very exceptional cases, they are unlikely to do them any particular or permanent harm.

The whole Fairchild family certainly seems to have had a decided taste for the gruesome. Some time after the Blackwood excursion, Mr. Fairchild came in from his walk with the news that old John Roberts, the gardener, had died the morning before, and that he himself had been to see the widow, and "up-stairs to see the corpse." Mrs. Fairchild immediately proposed to step over to the old gardener's after dinner, and Lucy asks whether they may go too. Whereupon their papa remarked cheerily, "Have you any desire to see the corpse, my dears? You never saw a corpse, I think?" "No, papa," answered Lucy; "but we should like to see one." [It would appear from this that both father and children had already forgotten their visit to the murderer's gibbet—but possibly they considered that he had been a corpse so long that he scarcely counted.] "I tell you beforehand, my dear children, that death is very terrible. A corpse is an awful sight." "I know that, papa," said Lucy, "but we should like to go." And so, after "taking a turn on the grass walk before dinner," and having "a little discourse on the subject of death," they did go, and apparently enjoyed themselves extremely in a quiet way.

Poor little Miss Augusta, who stole her governess's apples, came to a shocking end; she disobeyed her mother's commands not to play with fire by taking a candle into a room to look at herself in a mirror, and was "so dreadfully burnt that she never spoke afterwards, but died in agonies—a warning," as a friend of the Fairchilds, Mrs. Barker, sympathetically remarks, "to all children how they presume to disobey their parents." Mr. Fairchild and Lucy, Emily, and Henry attended the funeral, which is described with great relish and minuteness of detail, as are all the funerals—and there are a good many in the course of the three parts. It is very possible that this last fact has contributed somewhat to the popularity of

the story. Everybody must have observed that a funeral possesses greater attractions to the sightseer than all but the smartest weddings. I remember being told of two small London children who were spending a week in the country and had been left to themselves for the day by the lady who had taken charge of them. When she returned, she asked whether they had spent the time pleasantly. "Oh, yes, miss," was the enthusiastic reply, "we 'ave 'ad a 'appy day—we've seen two pigs killed and a gentleman buried!"

To come back to "The History of the Fairchild Family;" there were two parts published many years after the first, from which all these extracts have been taken, the second in 1842, and the third in 1847, and it is curious to note the alteration in tone that appears in both these sequels, particularly in the third, in which the author's daughter, Mrs. Streeven, collaborated. The doctrine is not so uncompromisingly Calvinistic; the children are neither so pious nor so naughty. They still quote Scripture occasionally, and Lucy has "a verse of a hymn which she generally repeated on any occasions of peculiar delight in the open air." But they are not nearly such unconscionable little prigs, and once, when Henry falls into a tub of pigwash, his *faux pas* is not treated as a moral offence of the first order—as I feel sure it would have been in 1818—and Lucy and Emily have made such advances that, on hearing of the incident, they "could not refrain from laughing."

Mr. Fairchild, too, is not in his old form; he actually more than once unbends so far as to attempt playfulness; the results are rather elephantine, but—as the examination-candidate tolerantly remarked of the tyrant Phalaris's little *penchant* for roasting strangers in a brazen bull—"we must not judge him by a modern standard." There is just one instance when Mr. Fairchild shows a return to his earlier manner, and this was when, Henry having laid out five shillings in buying penny balls and hanks of string for the village boys, his father remarks solemnly: "How

much more suitable would a book, the value of threepence, have been to them!"

There is a good-natured hoyden, Bessy Goodriche, who is amusingly and sympathetically drawn, with a really excellent lady's maid, Mrs. Tilney, whose conversation has a distinct touch of comedy. "I could see," she says, "with only half an eye that my mistress" (Mrs. Fairchild, whose husband has inherited a fine estate on the death of a cousin), "having been used to very low life, would much rather wait on herself, than have any one about her, *which I take to be the strongest indication of low breeding which any lady can give.*" Again: "There they are, Miss Lucy and Miss Emily and this same newcomer, rushing into each other's arms as if they were three twins as had not met for years! Faugh! how ungentle these sort of things are—so coarse!"

On the whole I think it is not difficult to see why "The History of the Fairchild Family" has maintained its popularity, notwithstanding its portentous instructiveness. I am by no means sure that a great many children have not a natural sympathy with priggishness, and to those others who regarded good little Lucy, Emily, and Henry with frank aversion, it must have afforded unholy joy to hear of the hot water they were so constantly getting into. And then, throughout the book, various good things to eat are chronicled with much feeling. One is told how "they all sat down, full of joy, to eat a roast fowl and some boiled bacon, with a nice cold currant and raspberry pie." Another time (on the occasion when Mr. Crosbie exhibited his love of eating) there is a haunch of venison, a pigeon-pie, and apple tart and custard. Mrs. Cutshorter regaled some children on "a cake with some plums in it, and a large apple pie, and some custards and cheese cakes," with more cake and strawberries and cream for tea. And again, "The table was covered with good things; a large pasty, which had been cut; a ham, from which many a good slice had already been taken; a pot of

jam, another of honey; brown and white loaves; cream, and butter, and fruit; and the tea, too, was brewing, and smelt deliciously." Would not these descriptions go straight to the heart of any child? There are plenty of funerals, too, as has been said, and I am afraid to say how many death-bed scenes, which appeal to the infant mind—or did so to the infant mind of a generation or two ago—and there are many incidental stories, all moral, but none absolutely uninteresting, and some ingenious and pretty. And, finally, the story is really well written in its old-fashioned way, and has a sincerity and earnestness that would go far to keep many a worse book alive.

From The Spectator.

THE POLICY OF WORRY.

We wish some old and highly experienced diplomatist of the first class would tell the world whether in his time the great governments were as ill-natured as they are now. We cannot but think that there has been in this respect a great change for the worse. The governments have always been jealous, and formerly there were dynastic interests which excited in ruling men keen personal feeling, while ambassadors of course liked and disliked each other personally, and longed or did not long for individual triumphs over individual rivals, like all other professional men. Ecclesiastics can bite, doctors growl, and counsel snarl at each other, and why should diplomats be exempt from those human frailties? The governments, however, unless we are mistaken, behaved usually as great gentlemen behave now, that is, they avoided small squabbles, felt that as powers they had a certain community of interest, and were not only polite to each other in words, but took a pride in avoiding small occasions of useless friction. They do it now whenever what may be called dynastic courtesy is involved; and President Faure would not be wanting in consideration for Queen Victoria's personal

comfort if he knew that war between the two nations was a matter of hours. The governments might be distant when they were annoyed, but they were only rude or provoking, or, above all, "interfering," when they seriously intended mischief. They refused, in fact, to burden themselves with petty conflicts, or to carry on their unending struggles like vulgar neighbors in a suburban road, by a perpetual resort to small annoyances. At present worry seems to be regarded as an invaluable diplomatic weapon. If a great government is intent on some project of importance, and is resisted by another great government, it tries to make itself unpleasant to that government in every quarter of the world, threatens its rival's plans, abuses its rival's agents, and even condescends to irritate its statesmen by otherwise purposeless delays. In plain English, the governments, like Irish Nationalists, have learned to regard worrying as part of their stock in trade. Prince Bismarck began it in his intercourse with France after 1870, when for at least three years he nearly worried the rulers of France into lunatic asylums; the French government, in its treatment of England and Italy, has improved upon his lessons; and the German emperor has shown once or twice a disposition to believe that his policy was most effective. We were, for example, according to his spokesmen in Berlin, to be punished for our conduct in South Africa by worry whenever the Egyptian affair came up—a plan only averted by the new circumstances in which, when the contingency arrived, Italy was placed. The Austrian government retains, we believe, something of its old dignity and of that imperial habit of mind which thinks a slight impossible and disdains petty provocations; but the Russian government is not so equable, and in Constantinople, at all events, is not above the disposition to make itself felt by a policy of pure annoyance. Sir Phillip Currie, we suspect, could tell a curious story or two upon that subject, and so could the ambassador of Italy, who even now

has to explain to the sultan in a very humiliating way events in the Nile Valley.

The effect of this new diplomatic idea, or expansion of an old idea, is greatly increased by the new attitude assumed by the press. The journalists of the Continent greatly enjoy foreign politics, partly because they can write on them more freely than on domestic affairs, and partly because they can excite sensations, and therefore secure an amount of attention often denied to them when their only subjects are internal animosities or Parliamentary debates. They adhere, therefore, with a certain eagerness to the policy of worry, and as they are perfectly irresponsible they accentuate every "protest," exaggerate every "incident," and improve every remonstrance or objection raised by their Foreign Offices into a declaration of deadly enmity. The Russian press does this habitually, threatening the objects of its dislike, which are just now Great Britain and Italy, but which were very recently Austria and Bulgaria, in language which the inexperienced believe would never be used unless war were immediately at hand. The German press is often nearly as bad, its language during the progress of the Transvaal incident resembling nothing so much as that of an Irish newspaper when attacking landlords, or agitators, or seceding friends, and the French press delights itself every day in a sort of verbal fusillade fired off with no other intention than to prevent its enemy of the moment from sleeping.

The total result of this ill-nature is very bad indeed. The nations attacked by degrees grow irritated, orators envenom the dispute, showers of articles and speeches appear pointing out its excessive importance, and at last two peoples are nearly ready, or quite ready, to fight over some question which, if both were commonly good-humored, could be settled by diplomacy in half an hour. They are all the more ready because they are wearied out with incessant alarms, and disposed to think that war with so wrong-headed an

adversary being ultimately inevitable, the sooner it comes the better, so that it may be got over. This temper is perceptible even in England, though insult makes little impression on our people, armored as they are in an inner pride, and upon nations of hotter temper it acts like an often-repeated challenge upon a Continental soldier. Nothing, for example, except a certain consciousness of weakness and the necessity of deference to allies has for years past kept the Italians from declaring war on France. It was weariness of eternal threatening from all sides which produced the recent explosion against Germany in Great Britain, quite as much as the particular menace of interference in South Africa which, as every one at once perceived, could never be carried out. If Providence is not very kindly the great European war will come after all, in spite of the honest endeavors of kings and statesmen to maintain peace and its cause, or at least its main cause, will be the condition of chronic irritation produced in the nations by the new policy of worrying each other as a method of slow coercion. That is not a creditable result of European civilization, or of the new methods of international intercourse, of which, by fits and starts, we all effect to be so proud.

From The Cycle Magazine.
THE BIRTHPLACE OF MILLET.

Midway uphill, on a small plateau, with a splendid outlook over the Channel and distant Cherbourg, we dismounted at a wayside inn bearing the ensign, Café Restaurant Millet. We entered a scrupulously clean bar-room. The wainscoting of that bar was a revelation; beautiful little paintings, signed by names that have since made a noise in the world of art, decorated the panels, and when I inquired the cause of their appearance in this out-of-the-way place, my friend informed me they were the work of Parisian artists who came here to spend their summer vacations. Further questions

as to the special attractions for artists so far from Paris, elicited the fact that many came to visit the birthplace of Millet.

"What!" was my exclamation, "Millet, the painter of the Angelus." "The same," was the reply.

"Was he born about here? I always thought he was a Parisian." "He was born in a miserable hamlet on the cliffs, dependent to the commune of Greville, a little village in the canton of Beaumont, a bourg or larger sized village in the arrondissement of Cherbourg. We are now in the district. This restaurant is kept by his youngest brother, he is ill at this moment upstairs (he died three months later); that is his wife who served us; the artists put up here on account of the relationship. Instead of fishing, I promise you, as you seem interested, if you like, we'll take a stroll round the cliffs and the country the great painter loved so well, and has immortalized; have a look at his birthplace and at the ancient church."

"Rather!" I ejaculated, "but why didn't you tell me something of this before?" "Didn't think of it, *mon cher ami!*"

We resumed our struggle up the hill, past the hamlet of La Quesce, on to another little level at the entrance to Greville, and my friend, with "*Suivez-moi,*" turned into the open garden gates of one of those comfortable, solid, old-fashioned sixteenth-century houses so plentiful in Normandy, and was soon embracing a stately, kindly looking widow lady, who had come to the door on hearing our bells, and whom he introduced as his mother. In a nice little reception hall we had refreshment and half an hour's general conversation. Then we went out to inspect the front and back gardens, laden with an autumnal wealth of flowers and fruit; the poultry run; the farmyard; passed through the fields where the good old-fashioned, slow-coach reapers were at work reaping with their crescent-shaped hooks and binding sheaves of the rich golden grain, and so on through the gates on to the cliffs, where ma-

dame, the mother, left us to return to the house, whilst we started for what my friend promised would be at least a good two hours' walk. What a brilliant afternoon it was!—faultless; a cloudless sky; the sea like a mirror; a sun, westering from its meridian, shining brightly and vividly, lighting up the eastern coast, past Cherbourg, away to distant Cape Fermanville. At an altitude of two to three hundred feet on the verdure-clad hills we followed the beaten path above the winding shore for some half hour, sniffing the bracing ozone, and revelling in the comprehensive stretch of land and sea-scape, until a peculiar shaped mountain of blue gneiss rock rising a sheer hundred and fifty feet from the sea, and detached on the three land sides by a deep depression from the cliffs on which we were, looking for all the world as if it had been intentionally deposited there, arrested our attention. I thought of this intentional deposit, before my friend told me that this was the famous Roche Châtel. The name was familiar, but I could not recall it, until he quoted Rabelais and Gargantua wading the Atlantic, impeded by a small stone in his boot that was raising a painful corn. On arriving on the Neustriar coast, the giant sat himself down, took off his boot, reversed it, and left the annoying stone there. In the Middle Ages Rabelais, also, must have been struck with the deposit-looking character of the rock. Here was legendary ground.

We climbed the mount, then descended on the western side to the shore for a refreshing dip in the briny, *en costume de bain*, exploring a little to the left the cave of Sainte Colombe, the patroness of Greville Church. Near the cave a miniature cascade tumbled into the sea, and following a beaten track up and along the course of the chattering burn, we entered the pretty little Vallée du Moulin (Valley of the Mill), and eventually reached the old mill itself, picturesque, double-wheeled, creaky and cranky. Up a narrow, wet, muddy, wall-enclosed lane, covered with *Asplenium marinum*, the sea fern,

we emerged upon the straggling cliff-side street of the Gruchy hamlet, with its crazy, moss-covered thatched houses and old semi-circular Norman doorways. Not a soul was visible; it looked like a village of the dead. We picked up a massive door-key in the road, evidently recently dropped, and a little higher up, hearing a beating sound proceeding from a barn-like building we pushed open the door. Two persons in shirt and trousers only, with the old-fashioned flails, were threshing corn, their regular strokes being the beating we had heard; it was a very interesting and characteristic picture. After explanations we left the key with them. At the top of the street my friend said: "Ah! here's Millet's house in here," and leading the way through a narrow passage between old walls, we entered one of those typical French farmyards, dirty, picturesque, and musty-smelling. Yet withal there was a peculiar and unexplainable charm about this one. Opposite to our entrance was a pretty, sun-lit, tree-arched lane, in which feathered songsters were joyously trilling, and down which an old laborer in the national garb, and bowed with age, using a hedge stick as staff, was slowly rambling. He passed us with a low obeisance and greeting, as I gazed with reverential feeling on the lowly thatched house that had been the birthplace of one of the most inspired painters the world has known, and read over the doorway the inscribed tablet placed by the French government, "*Ici est né le peintre, Jean François Millet, le 4 Octobre, 1814.*" Here was born the painter, John Francis Millet, the 4th October, 1814.

From Cassell's Saturday Journal.
THE CHIMNEYS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

The queen is the largest chimney-owner in England with the single exception of the government. At Windsor Castle alone there are over fifteen hundred chimneys. Of course, among these are a number of chimneys which may

be said to properly belong to other people—as, for instance, those which act as soot-collectors for the houses allotted to the clergy of St. George's Chapel, the military knights, and the queen's private secretary, master of the household, keeper of the privy purse, etc. All these houses, however, form part of the lower ward of the castle, and the queen's sweeps are sent for whenever the flues become too heavily lined. The fifteen hundred chimneys may therefore be regarded from the same point of view. There are several hundred chimneys at Buckingham, Hampton Court, Kensington, and St. James's Palaces, while Osborne and Balmoral each provide a very considerable quota. The largest block of all is, however, at Windsor Castle. All these chimneys are numbered both above and below. There is a regular chimney-map, with the whereabouts and the numbers of each carefully marked. When a chimney requires sweeping, therefore, the number is given to the sweep, and the latter is usually so thoroughly acquainted with his domain that he can find his way to the necessary point without any assistance from the map.

In the older portions of the castle the object seems to have been to conceal the chimneys from outward view as much as possible. The chimney-pots are therefore hidden away among the battlements. The battlements of the Round Tower are in many cases pierced by the chimney-tops. In other parts there are great stacks of chimneys, which rise to a considerable height. Some of the tops could be reached with ease by the veriest amateur. Others are perched away in such difficult positions that the work of sweeping them is one of difficulty and danger. It is necessary that the operator should have a cool head, and be accustomed to tread on dizzy heights, or else some of these adventures might end in fatal accidents. When the chimney-top is reached, moreover, all is not necessarily plain sailing. Many of the old chimneys are constructed on very complicated principles, with sharp bends and

turns and curious obstacles which render the work very difficult to execute thoroughly. The chances are that some of these tough subjects never get thoroughly cleaned, though they may be swept sufficiently to prevent accidents. The fact is, that the only way to clean them out really would be to send down climbing-boys, after the old fashion, which has been happily rendered illegal. Needless to say, the course of every chimney is carefully mapped out, so that the operator can tell at a glance where his difficulties lie, but in many cases the mere knowledge of them will not help him to circumvent them. Even the care and accuracy with which these maps of the geography and lines of the chimney country are drawn out have not prevented occasional mistakes of a ludicrous character. On one occasion an error was made in the number of the chimney. The sweep of that day thought it was all right, and proceeded to business. The result was that instead of operating on an empty chamber he discharged a volume of soot into a room which was occupied by an illustrious visitor, much to the detriment of the latter's "things," which were lying about unprotected. Since that episode the utmost care has been taken in verifying the exact number of the chimney put in hand to be swept.

From *The Evangelische Blätter*.
MOURNING THE DEAD IN PALESTINE.

At each death the women begin a peculiar lamentation, by which the entire village is informed that a death has taken place. At once the relatives come in their best clothes and join in with the lamentation. The women nearest connected with the departed rend their clothes, *i.e.*, the upper garment, which is in the shape of a shirt and is held by means of a girdle around the waist. This garment they seize at the opening in front of the chest and tear it downward; and the deeper the grief the larger will be the rent. This is afterward stitched together, but in such a way as to show the seam on the

outside. Then these mourners put on their best garments, uncover their heads, which at all other times are covered, tear out their hair, strike their faces, scratch their countenances, beat their breasts, and many smear soot over their faces. Occasionally it happens that men, too, give vent to the violence of grief by tearing their clothing and pulling out their beards. That these manifestations of grief are from great antiquity we can see from the book of Job, written probably fifteen hundred years before Christ. When Job's three comforters came to him, they too weep and lament and tear their garments, and strew dust upon their heads, and sat with him seven days and seven nights upon the ground without speaking (Job ii. 11). When David, according to 2 Sam. xviii. 33, received the news that his son was dead, he went into his room and wept. His grief was so great that those without heard him (2 Sam. xix. 2-4).

On the following day the body is carried into the church. While this is being done a number of women keep up a kind of a dance outside of the church, while they lament and moan with their hair in dishevelled state. The same thing is done at the grave. It is peculiar that the Arabs are so anxious to have their dead buried in the tomb of their ancestors, and this prevails to such an extent that many families can remember that their great-great-grandfather and all his descendants were put into the same grave. In case a person dies at a distance from his native village his body is brought home for burial. This reminds us of Jacob and his last request made to Joseph, to bury him with his fathers (Gen. xlvii. 30 and i. 5-7). On the next morning very early certain women go to the grave to weep over the dead, as was done by the women on the morning of Easter (Luke xxiv. 1). After they have returned to their homes and have attended to their daily duties, they go to an open place, which is in many cases a threshing-place, while the men are invited into the house of some friend. In these threshing-places the women sing fu-

neral songs and repeat their lamentations, in which the virtues of the departed are extolled. Every family of standing in the village brings some freshly baked bread (Jer. xvi. 7), together with some dessert, such as lard, fried eggs, honey, olives, etc., for the women lamenting at the threshing-places, where, too, women from other villages have gathered for the same purposes. These things are brought to the mourners as food, and, after eating, all present take part in this official mourning for the dead. The men, too, come bringing a sheep, which is killed for the benefit of the family and the mourners.

This reminds us of the official mourning of seventy days for Jacob and of forty days for Moses. At the present time it is the custom to keep up the lamentation for two or three weeks, during which time the participants in the ordeal change from day to day. The women from the neighboring villages spend at least one night in this mourning-place, while some remain from three to seven days. On the third, ninth, and fortieth days special services take place at the graves, on which occasion the minister blesses the food which has been brought by relatives. This is repeated after six months and on the first anniversary of the death.

The Seeds of the Sunflower.—Sunflower oil made from the seeds is in great demand in this country. In Russia millions of pounds of the seeds are raised annually for the oil, and large quantities of this oil are exported from that country. In the crude state it is used by painters for inside work, but it does not quite equal linseed oil for varnish purposes. It is mixed with most of our cheap paints, and also with many prepared stains. Of late years efforts have been made to refine the oil so as to sell in competition with olive oil. In fact, purified sunflower oil is used quite extensively to adulterate salad oils. Many consider it equal to the ordinary grade of olive and almond oil for table uses. It is of a pale yellow color, flavorless and palatable.

